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The Recruiting Campaign In London

By Mona Cleaver

Illustrated from Photographs

NO road is made so smooth in London to-day as the road to the recruiting station, no road so rough and inhospitable to travel as that leading in the opposite direction. Does an obstacle loom up in the path of duty? The parliamentarian in the big hall, the suffragette in the park, the recruiting sergeant on the street corner argue it away; the big, painted signs in the squares disprove it; the blazing posters on every hand ridicule it; the heady music of a band, the flaunt of flags and blazoning of banners combine to overthrow it. It's no use. For the fit man there is no sufficient obstacle, no adequate excuse. Kitchener's Recruiting Campaign, the most marvellous in history, has set out to prove this point and its success is testified by the rapidity of the response with which each new call for men is met.

But of all the recruiting devices used, none is so novel in its appeal, so sensational in its manifestations, so wide in its reach, as the poster campaign.

There's imagination in the very placing of the posters. The most dignified of hotels, the most exclusive of clubs are ablaze with them. There's no "Post No Bills" to the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee. The posters are made in all shapes and sizes to fit every space. Panel-shaped legends are pasted to classic pilasters and long, narrow sign-boards fill the spaces between storeys on huge buildings. The Carlton Hotel is covered with them. Not a taxi-cab but has a strip of flaming words across the bottom of its wind-shield and I have even seen huge delivery vans with their big tops absolutely hidden under pictorial appeals in red, white, blue and khaki. Even the sober impressiveness of Trafalgar Square, with its heroic figure thrust aloft, has not escaped, but, painted on great boards that conceal the pedestal of his statue are the hero's words: "England Expects Every Man to Do His Duty." And Landseer's famous lions, at each corner, grip grimly in their teeth the supports of four square poster boards.

There's imagination here, but still more in the make-up of the posters themselves. The simplest of them is a colossal red arrow pointing to the nearest recruiting station. From that they branch out in every direction, appealing to every temperament, wheedling, shaming, goading, urging, arresting the passer-by by every imaginable color and device. Many are made up of a few crisp sentences printed in striking colors and with huge interrogation points. These are for the man who needs to be reasoned with and run like this:

Four Questions to Men Who Have Not Enlisted.

1. If you are physically fit and between 19 and 38 years of age, are you really satisfied with what you are doing to-day?

2. Do you feel happy as you walk along the streets and see other men wearing the King's uniform?

3. What will you say in the years to come when people ask you, "Where did you serve in the great War?"

4. What will you answer when your children grow up and say, "Father, why weren't you a soldier, too?"

5. *Enlist to-day.*

For the provident husband and father, there are big, white sheets with red and blue type giving details regarding pay, separation allowances, pensions and the like.

The man whose patriotism has been largely of the flag-waving

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variety is invited to make good by vivid, flagstrewn appeals to his loyalty, couched in such term as, "RALLY ROUND THE FLAG—EVERY FIT MAN WANTED," "TO DELAY IS DANGEROUS WHEN YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU. ENLIST NOW," and "IF YOU CANNOT JOIN THE ARMY, TRY AND GET A RECRUIT."

To the scholar, Shakespeare makes his appeal. "STAND NOT UPON THE ORDER OF YOUR GOING," is quoted from "Macbeth" in pale blue on a dark blue ground and completed in red, "BUT GO AT ONCE," this followed by the thoroughly up-to-date admonition, "ENLIST NOW." One shop on Tottenham Court Road seems to be running a little poster campaign of its own and across the top of each large window are stretched attractive, hand-decorated posters all making use of Shakespearean axioms. From "Hamlet" they have taken,

"Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposed may beware of these," and from Henry V.
"The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'"
"And, gentlemen in England now a-bed

Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us."

The strips on the taxi-cabs are, many of them, composed of the flags of the Allies, joined end to end, with a word in the centre of each, as: "Keep—These — Flags — Proudly — Flying," and, "Don't—Lag—Follow—Your—Flag." Others say, "In Her Hour of Need, Your Country Calls for You," "Every Recruit Means Quicker Peace," or one of a number of such appeals.

A striking poster in khaki, lettered with white, asks: "WHY AREN'T YOU IN KHAKI? YOU'LL BE WANTED. ENLIST AT ONCE." Another has simply a soldier's cap with red lettering to say, "IF THE CAP FITS YOU JOIN THE ARMY TODAY."

"REMEMBER BELGIUM," as a slogan, printed on a background of flaming villages and fleeing villagers, was followed by "REMEMBER THE LUSITANIA," quoting in black and red the simple and impressive words of the jury's verdict on that atrocity. A later poster is printed in two broad columns, the one telling the harrowing tale of a mother who lost her three little children in the sinking of the great ship and the other reproducing comments of the German press, such as, "With joyful pride we contemplate the latest deed of our Navy and it will not be the last." Another appeal founded on "Germany's Crowning Infamy" tabulates her frightfulnesses, from the sacking of cities to the poisoning of wells and concludes with:

"THESE CRIMES AGAINST GOD AND MAN ARE COMMITTED TO TRY AND MAKE YOU AFRAID OF THESE GERMAN BARBARIANS."

"THE PLACE TO GIVE YOUR ANSWER IS THE NEAREST RECRUITING OFFICE."

And the response to these appeals and to the event on which they are founded has been, as far as one can estimate it, enormous. Indeed, one powerful and uncalculated force recruiting for Britain has been the German atrocity in all its hideousness. The torpedo, bomb or shell that kills a British civilian or a score of them, puts into the country's military force hundreds and thousands of fighting men.

Words quoted from the sayings of the great ones of the land have tremendous effect, too. A message from Lord Kitchener reproduced in fac-simile of his own hand-writing has a personal appeal that is telling. The Prime Minister's words, "No price can be too high when honour and freedom are at stake," needed no embellishment and stand out in simple black letters on many a wall and hoarding. And the words of these two have been combined on other posters which call for the exacting of reparation from the Germans, concluding, "Justice cannot be done without your help. Take up the sword of justice."

A picture of a smiling soldier boy is underlined by an extract from a letter written by Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien from the trenches of the Aisne, "The moment the order came to go forward, there were smiling faces everywhere." Equally smiling and if possible more irresistible is the lad who grasps his rifle in one hand and throws out the other in hopeful appeal, urging, "Come and do your bit, join now."

These pictorial posters are, after all, probably the most arresting of all, designed as they frequently are with dark forms silhouetted against the sky. One of these, with crouching figures stealing up a black hill, bayonets fixed, cries to the onlooker with a sharpness that stings, "DON'T STAND AND LOOK AT THIS. GO AND HELP." Another shows a sentry outlined on a grassy hummock of earth against a windy sky, demanding, "HALT! WHO GOES THERE? IF YOU ARE A FRIEND JOIN THE BRITISH RANKS AND HELP THE BRAVE LADS AT THE FRONT."

A vividly tinted map showing a piece of Northern France and a piece of Southern England has, gazing expectantly across from the one to the other, an alert figure in khaki. "BOYS, COME OVER HERE," the British Tommy calls, and you can fairly hear the ringing tone, "YOU'RE WANTED."

Then there are appeals to women. One of these shows two British women of different classes standing together to watch their men-folk march out of sight with a khaki-clad regiment, and says, "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND SAY GO!" To those who may falter in the saying of it a very effective poster puts these questions:

1. You have read what the Germans have done in Belgium, have you thought what they would do if they invaded this country?

2. Do you realize that the safety of

your home and children depends on our getting more men now?"

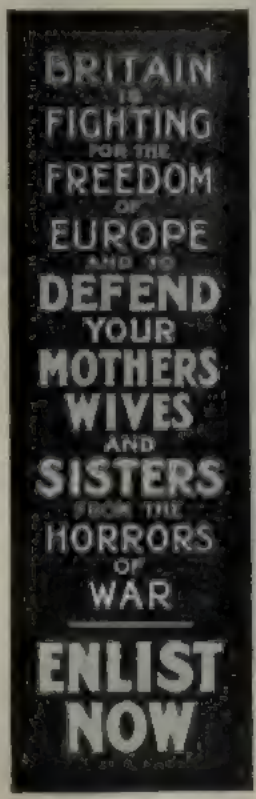
3. Do you realize that the one word, "Go" from you may send another man to fight for our King and Country?

4. When the war is over and someone asks your husband or your son what he did in the great War, is he to hang his head because you would not let him go?

WON'T YOU HELP AND SEND A MAN TO JOIN THE ARMY TO-DAY?

WHAT WILL YOUR ANSWER BE
When your boy asks you—
"FATHER,—WHAT DID YOU DO TO HELP WHEN BRITAIN FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM IN 1915?"
ENLIST NOW

But the posters aren't all. I found myself, one day, almost the only person walking down Chancery Lane. Everyone else was walking up. I was nearly forced to turn and go with the crowd before I discovered the cause of it all. I had heard the music of a rather feeble band, but it did not occur to me that it was out for recruiting purposes until I saw the uniformed men. Then I stepped into the haven of a friendly doorway and watched the throng surge on, drawn irresistibly by the music of—what do you think? "Rule Britannia," or even "It's a Long Way to Tipperary"? Not at all; those wheezy instruments were wailing out the notes that go with that old refrain, "Where Is Now the Merry Party I Remember Long Ago?"


BRITAIN IS FIGHTING FOR THE FREEDOM OF EUROPE AND TO DEFEND YOUR MOTHERS WIVES AND SISTERS FROM THE HORRORS OF WAR
ENLIST NOW

Before the sound died away in the distance this was changed to, "Farewell, My Blue-bell." In time, one grows accustomed to the use of anything but martial airs for recruiting purposes.

One often meets on the street little companies of soldiers not infrequently followed by a goodly number of others wearing civilian clothes—for the last time in who knows how long? One such group carried a banner which announced, "We are marching to the Recruiting Station. Join us." A number had joined and were carrying the strings of the banner. Indeed, no such eager band of enthusiasts seems ever to have marched in vain. As far as I could see there was always a following of recruits to show for their labors.

In Hyde Park, near the Marble Arch, is a recruiting station and near the recruiting station is a recruiting wagon about which crowds gather, particularly on Sunday afternoons, when one recruiting sergeant after another makes his appeal. It was a glorious sunshiny Sunday when I was there and a good-natured crowd of men, women and children, girls with soldier sweethearts and mothers with soldier sons had wandered within hearing of the red-faced Tommy Atkins who shouted from the wagon. He was explaining the causes of the war and confidently misinformed his audience after this fashion:—

"The Triple Entente, that was Germany, Austria and Italy, and the Triple Alliance, that's Britain, France and Russia"—

But nobody heckled him. They listened respectfully and presently he reached the "humour and pathos" part of his discourse,—

"Why, there's a young chap from my town that's come home without his leg and his mother's proud of him—proud of him she is.

"I'm going back to the Front myself, soon," he went on, "and I'm forty-five and a married man with three . . . ." grinning, "thirteen children."

The people roared over this sally and, turning at the sound of low voices behind me I saw a hapless youth in civilian clothes who had attracted the attention of a young Highlander, apparently a sort of "personal worker" in the campaign for recruits. It rather reminded me of a revival meeting with the evangelist shouting his pleadings and denunciations from the pulpit and the earnest workers moving softly here and there with urgent whisperings and persuasive efforts to bring the sinner to the penitent bench. The sinner in this instance looked very wretched and sheepish as his friendly persecutor coaxed.

"Come along, old man, come along. Don't let others do your work for you."

With eyes fixed anywhere but on the persuasive one, the young civilian replied that he had two brothers at the front. Here a new speaker came to the platform on the wagon, part of the crowd moved off, and, in the shifting, I lost sight of the two. My attention was attracted to them again by two girls who were looking over their shoulders and whispering scornfully,

"Just fancy 'is comin' 'ere if 'e won't join."

"'E" I discovered to be the same unhappy youth and the Highlander was saying sharply,

"You don't want to! Then there's a yellow streak in you somewhere."

But back he came presently to his old, affectionate, coaxing tone.

"Chuck it out now, old man, chuck it out now. Don't be a slacker."

With a final glance of utter humiliation the young man shook off the arresting hand and bolted, but not faster than the Highlander bolted in another direction and before he had reached

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The Kid With No Chance

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

THE air of the room was hot and fetid. A lamp with a broken and blackened chimney stood on the dirty washstand. Old Marta sat beside it finishing the last bottle; there was quite an array of them against the wall. When one's services are not paid for, it's as well to take all the beer one can get.

The little huddled figure on the bed was still at last—God, how she had suffered !—sixteen or thereabouts, with a rope of black hair as thick as your wrist and big black eyes. She had never spoken much English and what she did know had deserted her in the last moments. But Marta's Danish and Darya's Russian were all the same then.

The man downstairs who owned the beer bottles—and Darya— was English of a sort, a cold dead-souled little devil who had gone right on serving meals even when the child screamed. Well, she would scream no more now. And the baby hadn't life enough in its wasted body to do more than cry like a day-old kitten.

Marta would sleep.

Darya opened her big black eyes dully. She thought the old witch had called her. But instead she saw a woman standing beside the bed, a woman with eyes such as she had never even dreamed about, full of tears.

"Child," said the woman smiling, "you are going away with me, just in a moment. Do you want me to bring you the baby first ?"

She didn't speak Russian nor yet English, but some strange clear-syllabled tongue that struck on the ears of the soul. Darya understood her from the first word. She was not surprised to hear that she was going away. And she wasn't sorry. Yes, she would like to see the baby.

The woman brought it to her.

"He will have grey eyes like his father," she told Darya, "and his soul is grey too, but in the core of it there is a white light that came from you. They told me I could have him—I never had one of my own—they said I might choose among all those born tonight. And I said, 'Give me a boy—a boy with no chance.'"

Darya understood every word. Her ears had never heard the like, but her soul that had not meant to sin, was the soul of a young child.

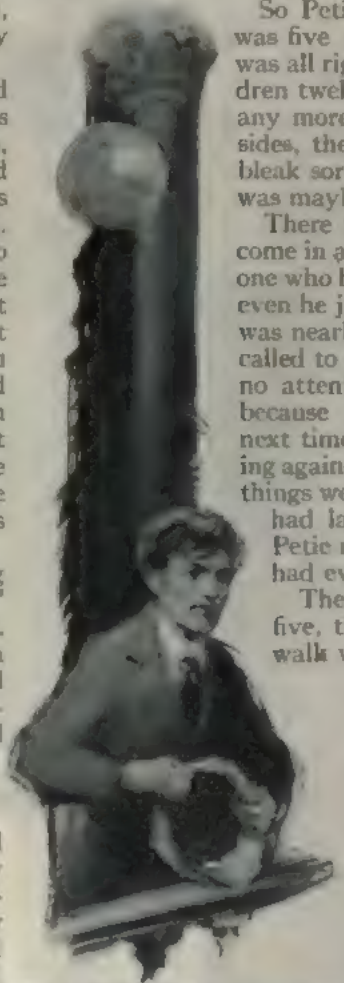
"And you will go alongside, always?" she whispered, "he will not see you — you cannot speak to him—but you will be there ? And you will bring him home ? And I — what will I be doing while he lives his life ?" she touched his closed eyes with her lips.

"You will be learning how to be his mother," said the woman softly.

Then she took Darya by the hand and the girl laid her baby very gently on the rumpled bed and went away.

. . . . . .

Petie wasn't a good kid. He wasn't an easy kid to love. And nobody had ever tried very hard, so far as you could see. The Children's Aid had him for a while. His mother died when he was born, the Superintendent would tell you, trying her conscientious best to get you to adopt the little rascal, but inevitably you turned away from the pinch-faced atom and took Dorothy with the curls, or Helen 'cause she had such darling dimples. People who come to adopt babies are not always altruists.



PETE REMEMBERED WITH A START HOW GOOD THE COURT HAD BEEN TO HIM AND HOW HE HAD HONEST-TO-GOD INTENDED TO PULL UP AND GO STRAIGHT

So Petie stuck with the Aid till he was five and quarrelsome. The Aid was all right, but it couldn't love children twelve at a time and all yelling, any more than you could. And besides, the Superintendent had had a bleak sort of life herself and her love was maybe frostnipped.

There was a Woman who used to come in at night. Petie was the only one who had ever seen her. As a rule even he just dreamed about her. She was nearly always there when people called to adopt a child, but they paid no attention to her when she cried because they took Dorothy. The next time though, she would be smiling again—she drew her strength from things we do not know—and once she had laughed out loud and kissed Petie right on his mouth. No one had ever done that before.

Then one day when he was just five, the kid was out on the sidewalk where he wasn't supposed to go, caddying the runaway balls for a neighborhood gang, when a man came along and stared at him. The man went up to the corner and then he came back slowly and asked Petie his name. Petie didn't like him.

Next day he rang the bell and had a long talk with the Superintendent. She packed Petie's things into a drygoods box and

kissed him good-bye — 'way back by his ear—and told him his father had come for him. If Petie had been anybody else in the building he'd have cried.

An eating-house with a blind tiger bar—and rooms upstairs—isn't the best sort of a place for a boy to grow up in. Pete was a keen one, and even while he was so little that he could stand upright under the quick lunch counter, he knew everything there was to be known. He was a useful little devil because he could run messages and tip things off without being noticed. The men used to give him the bottoms of tumblers and the ends of cigarettes and Darya's successor told him stories.

If it hadn't been for the cigs and things, he'd never have known the Commissioner. The first time he was yanked into court, there was a Woman who came beside him crying, though the guards didn't see her. He was such a baby to be a lawbreaker, but he had stolen fifteen dollars.

It was a plain little room sky-high in the old City Hall. Pete had wailed his way into the world only a block or so from the place, but he had never been inside the huge stone building before. There was a look about its three-foot walls that scared all the wild animal in him. And besides, that was where the cops had their headquarters.

This was the Juvenile Court. Pete had time to take in the flags on the walls, the two deaconesses over by the door, the reporters who were getting his age and crime from the clerk, and the Aid representative whom he hoped wouldn't see him. Then the Commissioner called his case. "Peter Garth—are you Peter Garth?" the big man asked. "Why'd you hook the fifteen, eh Pete? Needed it in your business?"

The tone was so entirely—no, not kind nor good nor any other soft-sorta word, but so confidential, so pal-ish, if you could coin such a term, that Pete was surprised into a grin that began a little uncertainly and ended by taking in the top freckle on his nose. This man looked as though he never, never could have beat it with the coin himself, and yet somehow, he knew what he'd have felt like if he had. He'd got a real sure-nuff soul-of-a-fellah inside that big body of his.

The policeman told his yarn, the probation officer for Pete's district added his damning testimony. The Commissioner looked grave—more, he looked as if it hurt him.

"Pete," he said, resting his arms on the table, "seems to me you're a pretty bad sortuva kid. Don't you think so?"

That was a tense moment for the Commissioner. And for the Woman behind the Commissioner's chair.

"Yes sir," said Pete huskily, twisting his cap.

That night he dreamed about Her again—he hadn't seen her in over a year. She came and brought a dark-eyed girl-kid with her, at least she must have been a kid because she had her hair in a big black braid. He had never seen her before, but he thought her wonderfully pretty. The two of them knelt down by his bed and cried over him and yet, somehow, they seemed to be very happy.

For as much as two whole days Pete remembered the Commissioner. Then he forgot all about him. There was a Big Brother movement just starting in the city, but the man in charge of it was fearfully busy and most lamentably underpaid and Pete didn't get entered. A month or two went by and then the boy had the misfortune to get drunk pretty far from home. There were three of them, all under fifteen, and the officer gathered them in.

As he saw the flags again, and the big Commissioner disposing of a gang that had played baseball on the street because the city gave them no place else in which to do it, Pete remembered with a start how good the Court had been to him before and how he had honest-to-God intended in his thirteen year old soul, to pull up and go straight.

"Peter Garth?" said the Commissioner who had a memory that was one of the most wonderful things about him. "Why Pete, this is too bad. I let you off last time — don't you remember? What's wrong, son?"

His head ached. The hands that held the worn old cap trembled. He looked up and met the Commissioner's eyes. And for the first time since he could remember, he burst into tears.

"There, there, son," said the Commissioner, "you come round here."

Petie came—he was only thirteen after all—and though his soul was amazed and dumfounded within him, he let the Commissioner put a big arm around his shoulders and he found that he rather liked it.

That night the Commissioner went to an uptown church to talk to a number of ladies and gentlemen who were

"HALLOWED—BE—THY NAME—" PETIE'S WORDS CAME SLOWER AND SLOWER, BUT THE SERGEANT DIDN'T KNOW IT. HE HAD GONE WHERE IT DIDN'T MATTER

interested in his work. He told them of the smallness of the appropriation the city gave his department, he told them about the volunteer workers he had, and the Big Brothers and Big Sisters—but there weren't nearly enough of them—who were standing by his kids. And last of all, he told them about Petie. He didn't know the very worst features of his environment, but he had heard of some of them. And he was very solemn about the responsibility of the church and the state for allowing any child to grow up under such conditions.

There was a lady down in the last pew whose eyes were full of tears. She had had one little boy—a dear little boy with fair curls and a twisted back. Now she had nothing but a million or two of foolish dollars.

A Woman stood beside her out in the aisle.

"Take him, take him, oh for Christ's sake," she was saying over and over. "Take Petie and help me bring him Home!"

Then the meeting ended.

The lady was very much moved. She was on the point of going up over the soft crimson carpet to the big man who looked so tired. But a friend met her and asked her to come next day to play bridge. It seemed to her as though someone pulled at her sleeve from behind, but she was just accepting her invitation and when she did get through and turned, there was nobody. So she went home. For a day or two she thought of Petie uneasily and then the flood of teas and dinners and theatre parties closed over his little dark head and she forgot all about him.

But the Commissioner didn't. He wasn't allowed to. A boy can become a pretty frequent visitor at the court if he began with the bottoms of tumblers when he could hardly talk. The queer thing about it was that he really and truly tried to be good, Petie did, and he really and truly couldn't. The Commissioner saw that. He was an old-fashioned man with an old-fashioned faith, for all his slang with his kids, and he knew that God was the only one who could cure a thirteen year old dipsomaniac. That was one of the things God was for.

He told Petie this in a long conversation. He thought the kid got it and then again he thought he didn't. Souls grow very, very slowly and Petie's had never had any chance but just that one-in-a-million that the Commissioner didn't know about. However, he would tell him and even if he didn't get it now, it would all come back some day, maybe after the man who had said it was gone.

That came sooner than anyone expected. Petie read the announcement on the front page and a chill like death touched his heart. The one voice that had ever spoken to him as if it cared, had run down, somehow, just like a phonograph of strange pattern that no one could ever wind up again.

It was winter and the streets were bleak. There was a raw wind from over the Bay. Petie went to the big church and looked in but nobody spoke to him, although there was a Woman who tried hard to make them see. They were so sorry they had lost the man that they had forgotten his work.

After that, life was a sort of cascade for a while, each drop a little lower, till Pete hooked a real-truly bunch of money and skipped out.

"Good riddance," said the grey-eyed man, "I was getting afraid he'd split on us one o' these days."

The months passed into a whole year. And then, like the huge red climax that it was to so many lives, came the War.

Petie was sitting in the shadow of a big water tank with another hobo or two, eating lunch out of a newspaper just like in the movies. A train came to rest beside them, a very excited train that exuded ladies and gentlemen who couldn't keep quiet till the down-bound express passed them. They were all talking at once; and that was how Petie knew that England was in it.

He didn't often think about the Commissioner—it made him sad and bitter and lonesome inside. But he thought of him now, and he knew somehow that if the big man were alive, he'd be in it.

"Say, what about us?" he asked his friends of the tank, "we hadn't oughta hang back."

"We?" the men roared over it. What good would Petie be? He wasn't sixteen yet and sometimes he looked a good two years younger.

The boy got up, walked down the track, waited till the next freight and so, by easy stages, drifted back to the town of his birth.

They were recruiting at the Armouries. He hung round for a while and then he slouched up and asked the alert young guard if they didn't want drummer boys.

He was a good-hearted chap, that guard, but he judged a man by his inches after all.

"That's gone out, kid, drummer boys and suchlike," he said kindly, "it takes a man to get a good gait on anyhow when there's route marches or real troop-moving. A young'un like you'd never stand it. Go and sell Extras."

And Petie did just that. But first of all he read them, haltingly of course, since his schooling had been of the worst, and skipping out entirely the names the other kids hadn't pronounced for him. But the more he read, and the more he looked at the first raw screaming pictures, the Krupp-scares and the crime-blares, the more his soul burned to be in it.

The Pats were mobilized and went joyously overseas—the First Contingent rushed off to Valcartier and the Second was recruited, with less hurrah but even greater enthusiasm.

When the big Camp was established out by the Lake, where the breeze frayed the very bloom off your soul, he moved his Extra stand to the nearest corner. And then one night he went right in.

They were pounding out Tipperary on the Y. M. C. A. piano while the movie machine sputtered over a War film made in California. The tent was chuck full of khaki-boys and Pete crept in under the flap and sat there unnoticed. For the third time in all his life he felt as if he had found home. The first was when the Woman had kissed him on the mouth, and the second was that terrific occasion when he had cried in court and found the Commissioner's arm.

When Last Post shivered itself across the winter starlight and the tent emptied, Pete slouched up to a bluff Sergeant who looked as if he owned a soul that might have been first cousin to the Commissioner's.

"Aw—say," he muttered, "I been tryin' to get in with this bunch ever since August. Don't y' wanta boy t'—t' clean boots 'r somethin'?"

The Sergeant looked down—a long way down—and he grinned.

"Run along home sonny, ma'll be settin' up fer y'."

"Ain't got no home."

"Honest?"

"Yep. Tramped all last summer. Bin round town since." Then, with a burst of confidence, "Gee, but I wanta get to the War! Holy Moses, I'd give ever' dam thing I got—'taint much—if I c'd only——"

The Sergeant looked curiously into the smouldering grey eyes. He wasn't like the guard. He knew a man when he saw one.

"Well, say," he began, "don't let on I said so, but hang round a while and then go to that tent there, third one to the left over yonder, and I'll see that you get the end of a blanket."

An officer passed and the Sergeant saluted with his body between Authority and the kid.

"We've got eighteen 'r twenty dogs hangin' round," he soliloquized, "an' I'll be darned if I can see why I shouldn't ring in a kid."

And so it happened that Petie became a part of the Umpty Steenth, a self-effacing part on parade but a mighty useful part around clean-up time; and a most earnest and efficacious practiser on the snare drum. He wasn't what you might say a good kid—

not yet—but by reason of much busyness and a lofty purpose despite the boots, the white core of his soul was growing out through the grey. Every night he had the half of somebody's blanket—more often than not the Sergeant's—and one time he woke up—broad-awake, mind you—and saw the Woman and the girl-kid with their heads together and the tent flap lifted. He was afraid to move, but they smiled and smiled at him until the wind blew the flap shut.

When the time came to go overseas, the Sergeant went to the Colonel and he told him all about Petie.

"He's a queer kid, sir," he said, "I don't rightly understand him myself, he's such a mixture, but he wants to do right and he's keen on the War and he wouldn't be afraid of the Kaiser himself. The men're fond of him. Couldn't he go like a—well, like a mascot? He hasn't any folks in the world that he knows of."

"But—but—" said the Colonel, thinking of Teddy at home, "you say he's not seventeen yet and he looks less. What right have we to risk killing him off?"

The Sergeant hesitated. The matter of his next sentence was hazy even to himself.

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The Meteorite That Smashed Europe

By John F. Charteris

Illustrated from Photographs

IF it hadn't been for the great - great granddaddy of the meteorites that you saw in last month's annual shower there might have been no European War. For it was a meteorite plus an eccentric Englishman plus a year or so's work of an obliging Scotchman plus the unbelievable, openhanded carelessness of the Anglo Saxon, that sealed, stamped and addressed the secret of nickel-steel to the Krupps.

THE RAGG D ROCK COUNTRY OF THE BACKBONE OF THE WORLD

Aeons ago, before the giant horsetails sprang from the oozy soil and sank into it again as the swamps of the Carboniferous Period closed over them to make them into coal; aeons before the first blind instinct drove life up from the water and over the land in the monstrous nightmare growth of the prehistoric amphibian; ages before all this there was a vast disturbance in the Lake Huron quarter of the world that would have set all the seismographs jumping if there had been any to jump.

The oldest rocks of the cosmos had been laid down, or hardened up out of no one knows what strange history of storm and flame. Above them had been placed later stratified rocks bedded down by the primeval ocean. And then the so-called Huronian area rose above the waves never to sink again. Over and over the slow process of rise and fall sent the rest of the continent to be submerged under broad arms of the Arctic reaching down into our present wheat lands, or beneath that strange Pacific that once flowed over the highest peaks of the Rockies-to-come. But still through geologic eternities the Superior-Huron region stood above the floods like a lighthouse.

It wasn't free however from internal conflict. And somewhere about three a.m., in the history of the continent, there was an immense bubbling in the profound that underlay our present Sudbury district, so much so that a great geyser of molten rock burst up-

ward, found the joint between the two bed systems and spread out like a vast hissing lake, a mile and a quarter deep and miles underground.

Even the most staunch and conservative of original formations couldn't stand that. With its underpinning gone, the over-rock collapsed into a great shallow cup-shape, throwing the outside of the eruptive layer upward, like the top edge of the same cup. Here it hardened slowly, the exposed part forming a huge ring or oblong, thirty-six miles one way and seventeen the other, set into the middle of the ragged rock country of this backbone of the world. After which the Maker of Mines left it to set for a million years or so till the adventurous Canadian Pacific Railway should push its impudent head into the secret.

In 1876 there was an outbreak of yellow fever in the Gulf States—no, gentle reader, our minds are not wandering. There are germs as well as mines and meteorities in this story. An Englishman of the intellectual-tramp variety, a scientific free lance from vagabondia called John Gamgee, tendered the Government at Washington what he thought a big idea. Low temperature is fatal to Mr. Yellow-fevergerm. Build a refrigerator ship therefore. Move it round to the stricken port and freeze your patients well again.

A SNOW-BURIED CAMP ABOVE THE SIX HUNDRED CUBIC MILES OF CANADIAN NICKEL-BEARING ROCK

Gamgee must have had a persuasive tongue in his head for the Navy Yard facilities were placed at his disposal. But alas, so great a pressure did he generate from the ammonia gas with which he wished to both drive and cool his vessel, that no cast iron boiler was found strong enough to contain it.

One day he was talking with a chance-met but most interested friend, S. J. Ritchie, of Akron, Ohio, who tells the tale.

"Ritchie," he remarked, "did you ever notice the meteorites at the Smithsonian Institute? They're made of a compound of nickel and iron like nothing ever found on this planet, and they're the closest grained metal we have. How do you suppose it would work if we were to send out and get some nickel and try imitating them?"

The two friends experimented enthusiastically till they had seventy-two pieces of iron, each having a different percentage of alloy, some of them so hard that neither cold chisel nor file would affect them, and the man who wielded a ten pound hammer on them nearly smashed himself in the process.

Then Gamgee, having played his little part, being a true genius and therefore not fitted to hold the stage for very long, proceeded to quarrel with the Senate Committee appointed to meet with him. The refrigerator ship sailed away to Dreamland to join the Fountain of Youth and the Perpetual Motion Machine. And the Maker of Mines turned smilingly elsewhere, having planted an idea in the brain of S. J. Ritchie who was destined to make practical use of it, because he wasn't a genius at all.

Seven years passed. The idea staid still but Ritchie didn't. He built a little railroad up into that barbarous Dominion to the north of him, found his purchase of iron fields to be a bad bargain, went to Ottawa to look up other mineral specimens in the Museum and came across a sample of copper ore from the present Murray mine, dug out when the Canadian Pacific, the destined although blind secret-finder, was blasting its way into the district.

Ritchie examined and afterward bought two copper properties. In 1886 he had word from the chemist of the Orford Copper Company at Constable Hook, New Jersey, that the copper he had sent to be refined was mixed up with nickel, a curious but not very valuable mineral to be sure, since the whole world used only a scant thousand tons of it annually in the production of coins and German silver.

The Minemaker reached down into Ritchie's brain convolutions at this point and threw in the clutch. Ten years rolled away backward and the subject saw Gamgee with his meteorites and his dreams.

Just here perhaps another and less circumspect adviser butted in. "Why don't you tell the Krupps?" said this second suggester, "wouldn't that sort of steel make wonderful big guns?"

Having no Wilson at hand to counsel neutrality, Ritchie obeyed.

With true German wariness, the Krupps wrote in answer, not one letter but two. The first told the American that his idea was doubtless interesting but quite fantastic. The second politely asked the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain to put an investigator on the question, for the benefit of the world at large. And the Krupps in particular.

A year or so later, James Riley, a Glasgow man, brought in a detailed and most favorable report which was considerately given to the nations—and the Krupps.

It would be interesting to trace the story which now spreads out like the sticks of a fan. Ritchie, a U.S. Navy representative, and Sir Charles Tupper for Canada, toured England and the continent in 1889 to ascertain the real value of the nickel deposits. The rest of the world had no nickel at all, except a little pocket that France was jealously sitting on down in New Caledonia.

Everybody made love to the nickel owners, everybody wanted to buy them out. Even the Krupps were kind until the visitors asked for data on the casting of the huge steel ingots out of which the guns were made.

The party returned, bringing with them specimen battleship plates for the Annapolis guns to pound away at. And when the immense superiority of nickel steel had been thus demonstrated, Congress voted a million dollars to buy Sudbury nickel in the unrefined state (matte), with which to supply the place of all the old steel armor plates now bound for the junk heap.

Sir Charles Tupper was as enthusiastic as a boy. His long letter to Sir John A. Macdonald isn't the wordfully-stupid state document that you'd expect. It's good crisp newspaper English and it ends like this:

"From all the data we could obtain I was convinced that Sudbury could compete with any place in the world in the production of copper and that it could produce nickel for about one-half the price at which the French company could produce it. The best evidence I could obtain of the real im-

portance of the Sudbury mines was the manifest desire both in England and upon the continent of the largest smelters, and consumers of both copper and nickel to become the owners of the mines or to control their output. Mr. Ritchie has furnished me with the most minute details of the expense of producing their material, and by comparing these figures with those published by the larger companies in Europe, I cannot escape the conclusion that this enterprise is one of the most important in Canada. Taking the three companies together I believe there are only two others which are likely to exceed them in importance, and they are Canada's two principal railway systems.

"Such being the conditions of the market for this metal, and Canada owning the governing supply of the world, I have asked myself, 'Why cannot Canada herself make this steel ?'

"There is not a doubt that the best people in England would readily join in the enterprise. When the item of fuel comes up, I learn upon enquiry that Chicago has the largest steel and rail mills in the United States. She hauls all her coke, with which she reduces her ores and melts her pig iron, from Connellsville in Pennsylvania, a distance of over 500 miles. She also hauls her ores to her mills and furnaces from the mines in Michigan, a distance of over 400 miles. Canada can obtain coke from Pennsylvania at a haul of not more than 400 miles to the ores of Hastings county. A steel works located in this neighborhood would have the ores immediately at the place where they would be reduced. Why then should not Canada utilize these iron ores and these nickel ores and make this ferro-nickel upon her own territory ? Why should she not go farther and make this nickel-steel and this armorplate upon her own territory ? If the Government takes the proper action there is no doubt that the best skill and the strongest financial backing in England could be had to carry it on, and *it really looks as if it were possible for Canada to control the character and efficiency of the guns and the navies of the world. I am led to say this much from the statements of every expert with whom I have talked.*"

Well ? And did we do it ?

Oh pshaw, what's the use ? The Anglo Saxon has a head to which the hardest meteorite is wax. It will stand the blows of an embattled world, being the head of a hero. But you can't get a real idea in with anything short of a diamond drill. And so, before the doubtless-disappointed Minemaker could prevent it, two nickel companies were formed, the Mond and the International, the first exporting matte to Wales for refining, the other to New Jersey. And in the second, as has been stated over and over again and never categorically denied, the firm of Krupps is a forty per cent. stockholder.

And so Ontario, the once-rich Princess, was left like Cinderella in the ashes of her dowry—not an ounce of nickel refined in her own territory, not a hint of the big dream of being the arbitress of armament.

Time passed. The Krupps and the Kaiser, having profitted by the work of Meteorite, Gamgee, Riley and Co., now proceeded to accumulate Canadian nickel. From four-fifths to nine-tenths of the world's annual output is made into armor plate, guns and other war-horrors. Over eighty per cent. of that supply is dug from the lip of the cup made at the dawn o' day, millions of years ago in the Sudbury district. And though the newspapers yelled and the politicians of the out-party groaned, the export of nickel went on via the United States to Germany until the war had been the main topic of conversation for many moons.

Nearly a year after Britain had entered the conflict—on July 20th, 1915, to be exact—the papers carried the news of a Nickel Commission appointed by Ontario, "to study the whole nickel situation with a view to suggesting means of co-operating more fully with the Imperial Government in the control of the nickel supplied, and of building up in Ontario a nickel refining industry that will turn nickel out as a finished product."

The Commission "is empowered to enquire into the whole nickel situation in Ontario." Its three Canadian and single British member will be given free tickets to Norway to look into a new electrical process used in that country, also to New Caledonia to snatch a peep at what France is doing with her little ore-pockets.

All of which is very nice indeed—save and except the date. It has taken just twenty-six years to get an obvious idea into an armor-plated head !

But this isn't a muckraker article. We believe that John Bull is bound to win, stupidity and all. You can outflank and outrun and outtalk the old chap all you want to, but somehow he just shakes his unwise head and goes at you again. And by and by the amazing vitality, the unbelievable stick-to-it-ive denseness of the race wins out.

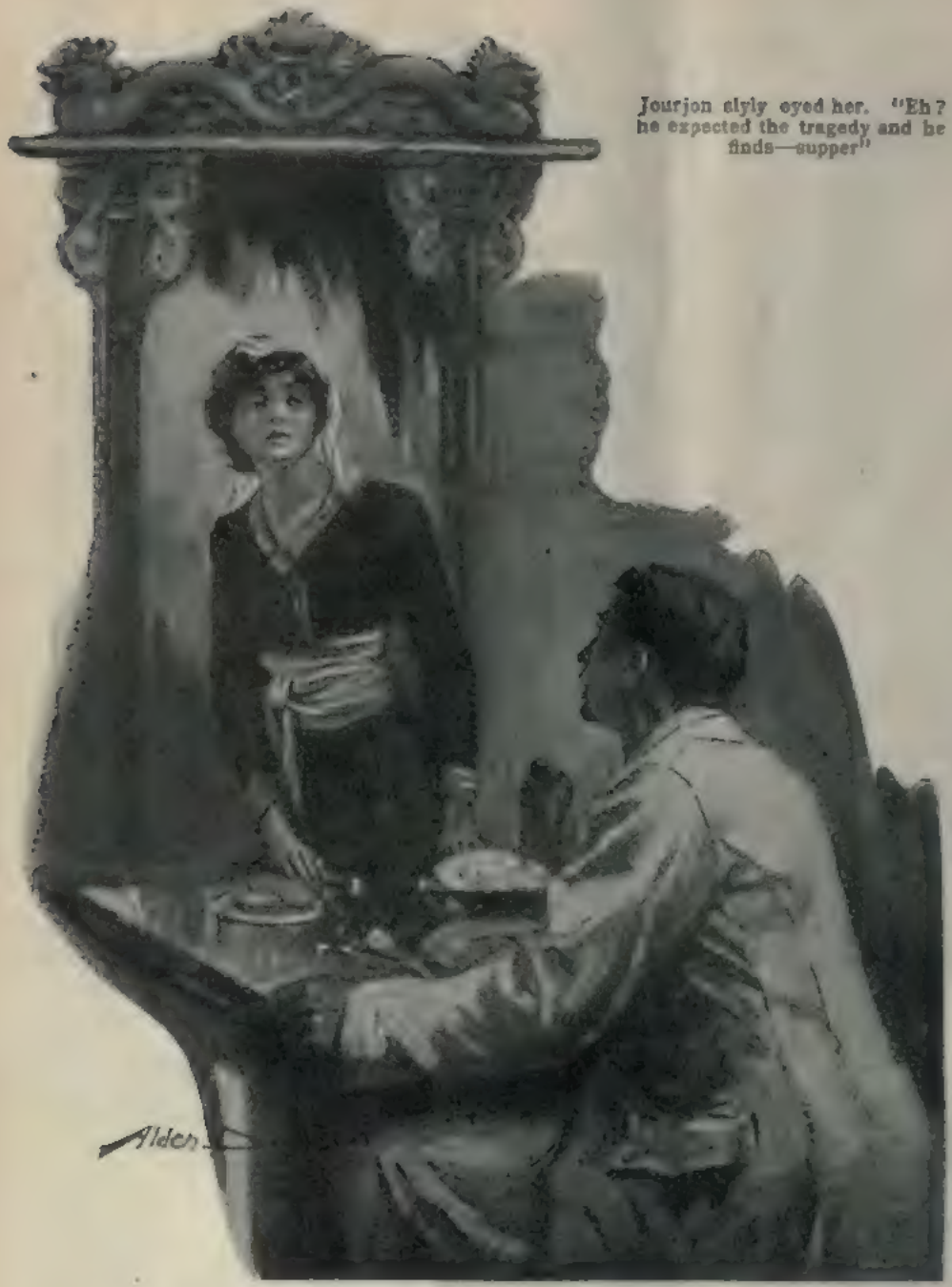
But when it does win—what then ?

For the peace advocate who visions a dove on each shoulder and a kiss all round, we have nothing but a sad little smile. It would be beautiful. But it won't be true.

There will be armament. And then more armament. And more again.

And in that five hundred and fifty square mile eruptive sheet, the cup edge of which is now being mined while the vast underlayers lie all untouched, Canada possesses an estimated volume of at least six hundred cubic miles of nickel-bearing rock.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NICKEL MINE, THE CREIGHTON, WITH ITS ROASTING BEDS



Jourjon slyly eyed her. "Eh? he expected the tragedy and he finds—supper"

When John

By J. F. Wilson

IT was amusing to see the solemnity with which he approached what he called "adventure." He perspired after tragedy, with his notebook ready, like a gun, to pot the game, and finally becoming the object of his own fire, so to speak, bagged himself. His amazement was ludicrous when he discovered his plight, perceived himself suddenly snatched out of his orchestra seat and thrust upon the stage. So it goes. We pay to see the circus and then find ourselves in a hot battle with a canvasman.

His name was John Selden Winthrop and it had never occurred to anyone to call him Jack. He was twenty-six years old, five feet ten inches tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, cold in manner, sparing of speech, natty, burdened with a college degree and a sense of his own philosophy. I believe he had some money, too, though that doesn't matter. He laid emphasis on his philosophy; that observation of life—adventure—was the foundation of wisdom. That is one of the ways he put it.

"Human nature," said Winthrop, "is changeless in its essence. In Ontario we have polished the original type so beautifully that we sometimes miss the real form of it. We are slightly artificial. We are getting away from first principles. I have been given to understand that down here in the South Seas one can observe primitive man—see behind the scenes."

As ammunition, he carried about with him a volume or two of Ibsen and Bernard Shaw. He also had a book of poetry by Emerson, and somebody else's treatise on "Experimental Psychology." Thus equipped, he came to Honolulu and lay in wait for Raw Humanity.

For six months he frequented the hotels, made decorous trips to the Pali, interviewed the actors at the leper station, walked dignifiedly up Hotel Street, watched the mixed races at play and battle at Iwilei, poked his thin, aristocratic nose past the jalousies of Palama, and regarded his notebook with an expectant air, much as if he hoped at any moment to see its fair pages writ over with Real Life. At times he came up the steps to the *Advertiser* office and discoursed on the Sense for Life, which, I take it, is some college phrase for the three passions—woman, work, and wisdom.

"I shall enjoy seeing a genuine adventure," he would conclude. "I have several experiments to make. I have been told that men will act contrary to their inherited convictions under the stress of extraordinary situations. For example, men used to kill their rivals in love. A man would fight to win his wife. I contend that love is a far different matter, and that a man would as soon think of committing murder to win a wife as he would of killing in order to gain his soul's salvation. By observation down here of the influence of primitive passion, I hope to gain a good foundation for a treatise on the fact that our civilization depends for its degree entirely on the value which it sets on the life of the individual. I shall witness at first hand some of the effects of an unartificial environment on men of varying stages of mental and moral cultivation."

"If you wish to see murder and sudden death, you may have to run some risk," I told him.

"I shall merely keep my eyes open," he informed me. "I shan't mix in with any of your quarrels. Consider me merely a scientific observer."

Of course, he gradually filled his notebook. A white man in Palama chased his kanaka wife into the street with an oil can which he tried to empty over her flowing *holoku*, swearing

Turned Jack

Illustrated by Alden Dawson

SHE HAD NOT GONE TO BED, BUT SAT IN THE SHADOW, JUST OUTSIDE HER [illegible] AND LISTENED TO MY TALE

horribly because no one offered him a match wherewith to kindle the holocaust. A Puerto Rican, sullenly chewing his nails, was picked up by the police for knifing a man who had jostled him in the street. A Korean was pulled out of the green cane and thrust snarling over the body of a *luna* (overseer), who stared into the faultless sky over the wired hilt of a machete, because of some notion (in the minds of the authorities) that the dead might awaken and identify his killer. It all went down in John Selden Winthrop's book, in his rather florid script, with the day of the month and the hour marked on the margin It didn't satisfy him. He pulled Emerson on me, like a pistol, and demanded the gods, not the half-gods

In those days, as the Bible says, a schooner came swinging up from the deep South with an old man and a young woman seated on the after rail, hauled into Honolulu, and slipped up to a berth off Fort Street. It was Michael Tunbridge and his daughter Flora, come up from Godfrey Island with a tale about Pierre Jourjon and the looting of their little square treasure-box of pearls. It appeared that Pierre had also seized Godfrey and was holding it on the plea that it was French territory.

Michael stormed the citadel of the prime minister, and found little hope of aid. Capital looked askance at his request for ten thousand dollars wherewith to buy arms and ammunition to slay the looter and his crew. Michael got indignant, rolled his sleeves back over his withered arms, and swore by the angry gods that he would return single-handed and kill Jourjon, and send the remains to the cannibal islands as *kumshaw*. Flora sat on the *lanai* of the Royal Hawaiian and listened to the band. She was a fine, large, dark-eyed girl, with a queer fashion of suddenly turning her head as if to surprise you while you stood behind her.

In time, Michael found that nobody appreciated his troubles on Godfrey; and, because of his talk, no one would honor his drafts at three hundred and sixty days, though Michael's credit had always been first-chop. So he came to me and said, "I'm going back to Godfrey to-morrow. These islands up here are spoiled. There isn't a man left on 'em. But I'll show that Frenchman who's alive and who's dead. Come along and write it up."

I was young then: I went. That night I saw Winthrop and told him a little of the story. "When I get back I'll give you something to put in your notebook," I said.

He studied this awhile, and then said, very calmly, "If I'm not intruding, I shall go, too. D'ye suppose——"

"I do," I returned. "Come on. I'll fix it up with Michael."

So it happened that, on a fine morning, the schooner *Mariana* put out beyond the mother-of-pearl waters of Oahu and took the trades in her big brown sails and blew down to the south with Michael, Flora, John Selden Winthrop, and myself on her soaring quarter-deck.

Once or twice Michael, holding his own thoughts in leash, sounded him on his opinion of what should be done to Jourjon, looter, robber, and pirate. To these appeals Winthrop intimated strongly that he was come on this voyage merely because it gave promise of affording material for scientific investigation.

To Flora he behaved with great discretion, occasionally noticing her attempts at conversation and, apparently, marking them for comparison with something that Bernard Shaw or Emerson or the Experimental Psychologist had said. At meals he would sit quite straight in his revolving chair and pointedly address his calm remarks to me, giving the impression that Michael and his girl were exhibits in a cage, apparatus with which he intended to conduct an experiment.

Flora was no schoolgirl. She had been educated abroad, and many men had paid homage to her beauty and her wit. For three weeks she glanced quietly at Winthrop, with a little smile about her lips and an odd, calculating expression in her splendid eyes. Then she said to him, "How old are you?"

A simple question. But it was the first query she had put to him in all those three weeks, and it took Winthrop aback, just as if, after all, his aloofness easily was resolved into a simple sum if one knew how young he was. He

stammered, and answered with the plain number : "Twenty-six."

He expected further questions, I fancy, a chance to impress this girl with his knowledge and his philosophy. But she accepted his reply as final, made him understand that he was no longer mysterious to her, that his bosom was emptied of its profoundest secret, and paid him no more attention.

It mightily disgusted my friend. He came out one night with the assertion that women are ruled by the purely obvious. "They take their ideas from books," the disciple of Shaw informed me. "They generalize pitifully. There are no exceptions to their rules. They never recognize the individual." He threw a scornful look at the very stars as though to put them, too, into the category of the feminine and illogical

It was dark when we reached the low shadow of Godfrey Island. The *Mariana* breasted a heavy current that swirled noisily under her forefoot. The captain stared into the darkness with an intent gaze. Flora leaned back in her chair with an abstracted look of meditation, as if she did not hear the hoarse menaces of old Michael, who paced the planks handling a shining revolver and cursed the small light that twinkled on shore to show him where Jourjon was enjoying the enforced hospitality of the Tunbridge home. Even Winthrop seemed slightly nervous and asked me constantly what I thought would be done. I did not know. I suggested that either Jourjon or Michael would be killed.

Winthrop demanded again and again, "What for? What are they fighting over? Why kill each other?" as if he blamed me horribly for bringing him into a compromising position. "Of course I shan't allow myself to be mixed up in it," he announced.

The *Mariana* made the pass and entered the long, curved lagoon at whose farther end shone the light. The head sails were brailed in, the vessel slipped along the undulating shore more and more slowly, the mainsail came down, the anchor splashed overboard in a fountain of fiery phosphorescence and old Michael trembled at the rail, calling for a boat to be lowered away. When the ladder was over and the small boat nosed its lower round, the old man snarled, "Now let's go and fix that Frenchman. We'll show him who's who on Godfrey." His eyes, as he cast them over us, gleamed wickedly.

Winthrop flatly refused to go. Flora smiled at me, and suggested, "Suppose we leave Mr. Winthrop a pistol. He may get afraid."

That gentleman fell into the snare, saying solemnly, "Thanks very much. I'm armed."

"Then don't shoot any of us," she laughed lightly, and swung herself down into the boat.

Winthrop grabbed me by the arm as I was about to follow, and demanded that she come back. "It's no place for a woman," he urged.

"Nor for a philosopher," she called up from the boat.

We pulled to the shore, and as we neared the shelving sand, Michael fingered his revolver. "I've a notion to kill him on sight," he said bitterly.

"Give him a chance," Flora said.

"But he can pot us open-handed," Michael insisted.

Flora laughed. "I'll talk to him," she said. "I know Jourjon and he's very polite. He won't shoot so long as a woman is in the crowd. He's not like an American, papa. He's very respectful."

The old man shut up, and we scraped up on the beach, getting out stiffly. A voice greeted us from the shadow of the palms. "You are welcome!"

"You pirate, come out of that and I'll kill you!" yelled Michael.

"You are very impolite and excited," said the unseen one in excellent English. "You forget that a lady is present."

"Mr. Jourjon," said Flora quietly, "we have come back to get our property. I've persuaded my father not to kill you—just yet. May we come up?"

The invisible man laughed and answered, "Come on. I'm glad to see you."

We walked up through the intense darkness, and almost immediately a slim figure came out and met us. "I saw your schooner coming into the pass," he said, in a smooth tone. "So I hurried the boys with supper. May I have the honor of your presence at—at my house?"

Old Michael stuck his revolver into his jacket pocket and cursed violently under his breath. "You may fool away to-night with all that fine small talk," he snarled aloud. "But to-morrow we'll have a settlement. If you think for a moment that I'm going to let a blasted Frenchman come and steal my island, you're mistaken."

"Till to-morrow," came the reply. "But supper is waiting. Is Miss Flora very hungry?"

We had reached the shore with our eyes straining for the first sight of the enemy. We had crept up the crinkling sand with our hands on our hips, like prowling burglars. And the whole tragedy had turned farce. We were going to supper. But Flora emphasized the situation ; "I'd better warn you not to approach the schooner till daylight," she laughed. "There's a man out there who intends to shoot anybody that tries to board the vessel."

"Why does he refuse my hospitality?" Jourjon demanded

"Papa said he was coming ashore to kill you," she replied. "And that appeared to him an embarrassing situation. You see, he had never been introduced to you."

"I must reassure him," Jourjon said promptly. "You know the way, do you not? Please go and make yourselves at home. I must greet this polite gentleman." He [illegible] and we passed on in the darkness.

But we did not go far. With one accord, we stopped, watching the dim shadow of Jourjon travel down to the shore and the boat. Once there, he leaped in and shoved off, leaving the kanakas sitting up by the mouth of the lagoon. We heard the powerful sweep of the oar that he used as a rudder, saw the flash of the sea foam, and heard a hail from the schooner's deck.

"I am Mr. Jourjon, the owner of the island," the infernal scoundrel answered in a high voice. "I have come to invite you to dinner with me, my dear sir."

We heard a muffled confab on the schooner and Winthrop's voice in the darkness : "I'm armed," he said

"But I invite you to dinner" Jourjon replied, thrusting the boat boldly up to the *Mariana's* side Other words followed and then silence We seemed to discern the small boat returning. Later we saw that two men were in it. Jourjon helped Winthrop out on the sand with exaggerated courtesy.

"Now," said our host, "let us go and see what supper the natives have provided for us." He turned to Winthrop with a polite sweep of the hand I can't tell you how difficult it is to impress on these kanakas the nicer rules of cuisine In fact, his tone became vibrant with annoyance I had to kill one this afternoon."

Flora took a quick step aside and faced him in the darkness, a glimmer of fire in her eyes. "How dared you!" she breathed "Who was it?"

Jourjon's deprecating shrug was almost audible. "I am so sorry," he said. "But discipline must be maintained. It was John Ii."

As the name passed his lips, we stepped upon the *lanai* of the Tunbridge house and the light streamed out on us, showing Winthrop's perplexed, thin face, Michael's moody visage, and the exchange of defiance between Flora and the Frenchman Really, it was amazing to see the sudden stillness that seemed to have absorbed her out of her hot anger. Defiant she was; but it was a strange, obscure kind of defiance, as though she had confronted an unexpected strength in her opponent. Across Jourjon's features flitted an expression of solicitude.

Winthrop dragged me back, as Flora passed on ahead of her bowing host, great anxiety plainly written in his manner. "This is very absurd," he said. "I presume these people are joking. Such jokes are in bad taste, don't you think? We are in an awkward position. What shall we do?"

"Go in and get some supper," I answered.

"With these—these monsters!" he brought the last words out emphatically. "I—I refuse!"

His voice rose so sharply that Jourjon heard and turned back. "Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Winthrop?" he asked. "I regret the poor accommodations, but I didn't expect you, you see."

Winthrop glanced at me, and then said to his self-appointed host. "But you killed somebody!"

Jourjon's air was one of perfect desolation. "And I didn't know you were arriving or I should have—what you call it?—postponed it. I would not willingly disturb a guest, even at the risk of letting a servant go unpunished. But it is past. Will not Mr. Winthrop forgive?"

Winthrop stood fast. It appeared that he would not eat with Jourjon, nor with anybody. He didn't wish to be mixed up in such doings. He murmured the words "respectability," and "murder" and "desire to be quite apart." He and I debated the propriety of dining with a man who had just killed his servant, waxing academic under the starred sky, with the noise of the tremendous Pacific in our ears.

I took the side that, in a way, we had thrust ourselves upon Jourjon and were not responsible for his faults of manner. Jourjon argued vehemently that he was delighted, that his reputation as a host was dear to him, that he apologized for his lack of foresight. He ended, laughing in his sleeve, of course, by affirming that as entertainer he must refuse to take offense at Winthrop's extraordinary demeanor.

"I suggest," he said, "that Mr. Winthrop is the escort, the cavalier of the lovely Miss Flora. Is not Mr. Winthrop bound to obey her wishes? She desires supper."

Now, you wouldn't imagine that so audacious a remark would capture that cold collegian, would you? It did. He accepted the intimation of his rudeness, bowed, and we passed in, Jourjon leading the way among the flowers with unctuous hospitality.

But here Jourjon's momentary triumph ended. The table was spread in the shadowy length of the *lanai*. At the head of it sat Flora; opposite her sat Michael. The old Kanaka nurse murmured hysterically behind her mistress's chair, and the old man glowered at a brown man who gibbered in fear, clattering plates in his shaking hands. As we came in, Flora glanced up carelessly, waved me to a seat at her left and told Winthrop to take the chair to her right. Jourjon dropped hesitatingly into the other seat hastily shoved under him by the terror-stricken servant.

"I'LL SHOW THAT FRENCHMAN WHO'S ALIVE AND WHO'S DEAD ME ALONG AND WITH IT."

Kanakas know but one master. The two serving, and the others shuffling on the outskirts, recognized that their old master and mistress were come back and thereby their enforced allegiance to Jourjon was swept away. He knew it, and his thin brows contracted wickedly.

The meal was one of constant interplay of chat, laughter, and veiled innuendo. Winthrop, naturally, lost the meaning of it all. To him it merely presented an inexplicable and revolting association of a murderer and two adventurers. He gazed dumbly at his hostess and her radiance, gave monosyllables in return for Jourjon's cold, polite remarks. So the conversation lay between us three mostly; Flora, Jourjon, and myself. Old Michael hadn't much to say.

I remember one interchange between Flora and Jourjon. He said:

"I am very glad that you are here at this time. I was at a loss to know how to amuse my friends who are coming up from Papeete. You relieve me of a responsibility, mademoiselle."

"And I shall be glad to welcome any of your friends, just as I shall make you welcome," she said simply.

"And the good Mr. Winthrop, will he assist you?" he went on, cutting his pear with a deft knife.

"Mr. Winthrop, I fear, is disappointed in the entertainment we provide," she returned, as she rose from the table.

Jourjon slyly eyed her. "Eh? He expected the tragedy? And he finds—supper? Sometimes it is supper, mademoiselle, when we await tragedy—or death."

She smiled at him. "Everything comes to him who waits."

"And he, he is waiting?"

Here Michael looked up, and said in a harsh voice, "We are all waiting."

Recalling that evening and the setting of these remarks, I admire the coolness of the Frenchman. He was quite alone. As I found out afterwards, he had sent his schooner back for reinforcements, not yet arrived. The kanakas, who at first might have fought for him, were gone way back to his enemies. Yet he dallied with his pear, drawing his thin eyebrows up occasionally with an air of amusement, amusement which politeness (his manner gave us to understand) forbade him to express otherwise.

The meal finished, Flora called the maid and said in the native tongue, "Is my room ready?"

The woman's terrified face drew the attention of us all. Even Winthrop inquired, "What is the matter?"

"Mr. Jourjon has seen fit to install himself in my room," Flora answered with a blush.

"An intrusion," Jourjon declared hastily. "But justified, I hope. It was eloquent of beauty and I always rejoice in loveliness, even in its absence."

Queer what things will stir up the otherwise unstirrable. Winthrop got it into his head that the Frenchman

had trespassed upon Miss Tunbridge's privacy. His face flushed and his lips opened. But he found nothing to say, I suppose, for he closed his mouth again with a determined and resolute air. We rose from the table

Keeping things in her own hands, Flora dismissed us all, saying that she would retire. Michael sat grimly back against the rail of the *lanai* and interrogated a native who answered him in hoarse barkings of fear. Winthrop and I strolled out upon the little lawn toward the beach of the lagoon. And Jourjon, seemingly crestfallen, followed us at a short distance, afterwards disappearing into the shadows.

On the beach, Winthrop demanded an accounting. He said he had been grossly misinformed; that he had understood from me, from Michael, and from Flora, that this was merely a voyage of discovery, possibly of occupation, of an island already discovered but never taken under the flag. He admitted that he had come along in hopes of seeing new things; he denied that he had intended to eat with a murderer, or with a man so lost to all sense of propriety as to seize a young woman's room in her absence.

I was provoked. Winthrop had had plenty of opportunity to acquaint himself with the expedition and its purpose. He had willfully withdrawn himself. I had told Michael that the young man might "come in handy," and on that understanding Tunbridge had welcomed him. I foresaw that this calm ignorant youth, philosopher must easily make a mess of the whole business. I did my best. I returned him to Flora.

"But she has retired," he remonstrated. "I must know to-night."

Jourjon strolled out of the shadows at this moment, smoking a cigarette. He smiled at us through the moonlit dusk and took up the conversation as though he had had a share in it all along. "If Mr. Winthrop will accompany me for a little while," he said gently, "I have explanations to offer."

The [illegible] of the [illegible] me. I know very well now he [illegible] bend this honest, philosophic [illegible]

Continued on page 374.

The Hazelton Queek

By Hay Stead

Illustrated from Photograph

BRITISH Columbia issued its first newspaper a third of a century ago. It flourished for a brief spell among the miners of the Omineca, ameliorating one brief winter of their discontent, and died a natural death, due, it is said, to an insufficiency of gelatine in the mechanical department.

Thirty years before, the forty-niners had turned California upside down in their search for the yellow metal. Ten years later, their out-posts had reached the Fraser river, and the main body of the army of miners, fired by the tales of rich finds along the lower reaches of that river and beyond, poured itself like a tidal wave up the narrow valley, past Hope and Yale, leaving innumerable little pockets of ephemeral camps whose very names are now forgotten, northward past Alexandria and Quesnel, to distribute themselves over the plains of the Cariboo. Another decade, and they had penetrated, still northward, to the mines of the Omineca district, to which Hazelton was the only port of entry.

Before them were the Indian, the missionary, and the fur trader. Hazelton consisted of an Indian village, a fur trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a mission. The metropolis of the Omineca district, it was the centre of social life for the whole Skeena river valley from the coast to the back of beyond; and all miners fortunate enough to be able to leave their locations, yet insufficiently favored to make the sea voyage to civilization, went into winter quarters at Hazelton; for winter mining was then a thing unknown.

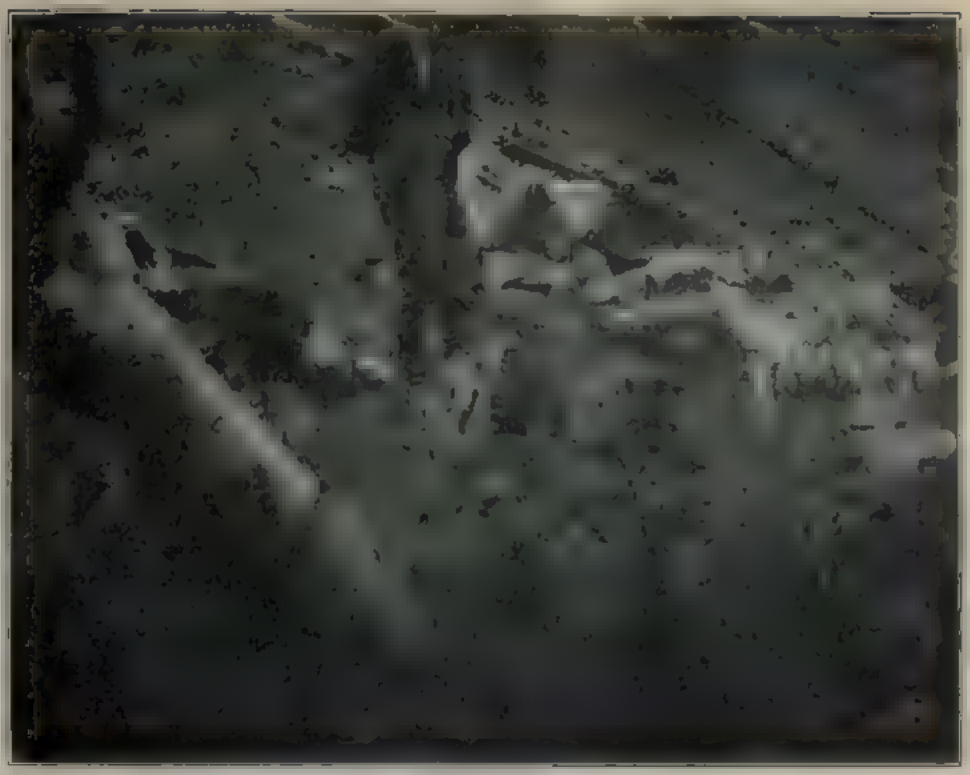
Here, too, in the winter of 1880, came Bishop Ridley, loved and revered of pioneers from the Kootenay to Cassiar, from the Fraser mouth to the headwaters of the Peace, to share the loneliness of the winter months with the outliers of his flock; and out of his efforts to provide the little settlement with innocent and profitable diversion arose "The Hazelton Queek," a weekly publication illustrated with original drawings, replete with local and foreign news, editorial comment on matters at home and abroad, answers to correspondents, letters to the editor, special articles on astronomy and snowflakes, furbearing animals and bird life, philosophical speculation and Indian legends, original poems and advertisements; all the comforts, in fact, of a modern country newspaper except the patent inside.

Its name is unique; the annals of journalism show no imitator. The unfamiliar word in its heading would attract attention and excite curiosity anywhere. For its explanation, one cannot do better than follow the golden rule of literary research and go to the original source for its true significance. The editor, in Vol. 1, No. 1, thus dismisses doubt

Has the reader ever stood on the top of some high bald mountain quite alone; it must be in summer time when all nature seems hushed? Suddenly a shrill whistle is heard which will startle anyone who now hears it for the first time. What is it causes the sound? It is the Rock-whistler "Marmot" or little "Queek." There he sits some fifty yards off looking as cunning and independent as can be. Just hear him converse with himself and like a flash he is off to his hole. He is seldom idle but works hard during the short season he has on his mountain home, which hardly commences before June, and is ended by September. Vegetation is very rapid, and lucky for the little whistler that it is so, as he has indeed to make his hay while the sun shines. He is a first rate hay-maker, cutting the grass in rows and drying it in the most approved style and afterwards packing it to his home for winter use. He rapidly gains flesh after his seven or eight months fast (for he does not use the hay for food, only for blankets), and by September he is in fine condition. He has plenty of enemies; nothing a grizzly bear likes better than a nice fat "Queek," and one can see immense holes dug by him in order to obtain the dainty morsel. The eagle and wolf also do not miss a chance of being on hand when our little haymaker is busy in his hayfield; but his worst enemy of all is the Indian—

for Mr. Lo, dearly loves him, and every fall hunts him with gun, trap and snare—for the Queek is both food and clothing for the Red Man.

"Kisgarass is the principal village for Queek, and thousands are caught every year. It is quite common for one hunter to catch one hundred or even more. Indians travel to this village from all parts for the purchase of both the flesh and the skin, ten skins being worth one dollar and twenty-five cents being paid for the meat after it is dried. No Indian feast is complete without its pile of Queek skins and no transaction can be completed without its aid; and as few leave the country, there are immense numbers of them among the Indians. They afford excellent sport for the rifle, and a trip during the month of August to the mountain opposite the village would, to a fair shot, afford both profit and pleasure."



THE OMINECA DISTRICT WAS THE CENTRE OF SOCIAL LIFE FOR THE WHOLE VALLEY FROM THE COAST TO THE BACK OF BEYOND

The name, however, was not the only unusual feature of this pioneer journal. At the head of every number, in the place where the average sordid newspaper displays what it deems to be its value to the reading public, was the word "gratis." No mailing list recorded the names of subscribers; the circulation problem solved itself, every able-abodied citizen in the community delivering his own copy. Even the advertisements, incredible as it may seem to the publisher of to-day, were without price

The printing machinery was as adequate as it was simple. Even to-day, in country hotels and restaurants, you may come across menus painstakingly written, prolific in flourishes, elegant as to capital letters, in an anaemic-looking mauve ink, with the appearance of having been to the wash many times to their detriment. By these signs you may know the work of the hectograph, which, roughly speaking, is a smooth-faced slab of stiff jelly on a tin tray. It prints after the fashion of a lithographic stone; very much after, in fact. It was a hectograph which brought about the birth of The Queek It was that instrument which sustained it during its short but merry life, and which was finally, through failure of the constituent parts, the cause of its early demise; for we read in the last number but one that the principal feature of the machine having failed, the management must perforce take leave of its readers until repairs were completed. This was in March 1881, on the twelfth of which month, publication ceased forever

The Queek was a three columned sheet, ten inches by twelve in size, each number being embellished with an illustration full three columns wide. These illustrations were no mean feature for they were original drawings with a distinct air of quality about them. They compare favorably with drawings published by thousands of daily and weekly papers to-day. The subjects were mostly scenes in the vicinity of Hazelton or along the Skeena river with excursions to the north coast of Vancouver Island, one of which depicts Fort Rupert. Metlakatla Mission Church, drawings of the little animal from which the paper takes its name, an occasional comic, pictures of canyons and Indian bridges, all helped to brighten the little paper which varied in volume, sometimes two and sometimes four pages. One of the most interesting of the drawings is entitled "Raising the First Pole in Giatmaksh Village"—the Indian name for Hazelton. It shows the methods used by the Indians to raise these enormous cedar totem-poles into position far better than columns of description

The other contents of the Queek are as quaint and interesting as the appearance of the little journal. Apropos of totem-poles, a story is told in its columns, the truth of which is vouched for by the editor, which is a striking instance of Indian indifference to the suffering of animals. It reads.

A certain chief named Kaal, of Kyspiox erected a big pole at his village. It was a very large cedar stick, and as the case generally is, was hollow about 15 feet up from the big end; it had been lying for some time on the ground at the place where it was to be erected, and some dogs had made a house of the hollow end. On the day it was to be put in its place, three dogs were inside and nothing could induce them to come out of it, so the pole was erected with the three live dogs in it and for (8) eight days the scratching and whining of the poor brutes was heard when it then ceased.'

Another note on the subject says

"The Indians formerly and in some cases do now, when erecting a pole, kill a female dog and place it in the hole under the pole—which would bring good luck to the owner of the pole."

Another paragraph gives a further vivid sidelight on Indian ways. It is in the form of an obituary notice

"A young Indian woman died suddenly at Kyspiouks on Tuesday last. Bursting a blood vessel while packing a big load of fire wood was the immediate cause.'

Not all the local news was of a tragic nature however, as witness the following parapraph headed, "A Plucky Little School Boy."

"A young Indian lad while out shooting grouse not two miles from town, found a bear's cache, he stopped the hole up, went back next morning and shot it. it was a small bear but then it was a small boy."

Some of the allusions are unintelligible at this date and distance, and it gives one a distinct sense of being without the social pale to read the bald and unsupported statement, "The pleasant evening on Thursday last was the most successful of the Series." Where was

the evening spent? Who spent it, and with whom? What was this series that it should attain the dignity of a capital? These interesting details must have been common knowledge to the readers of the Queek, but to-day they are buried with Atlantis, and the ten tribes, and the man in the iron mask.

There is nothing indefinite, however, about the following: "On Christmas Day Mr. Youmans gave a dinner to a party of friends which, we hear, was a perfect success." A world of delicate reproach lies in those words "we hear." An editorial announcement in the same number is probably the only one of its kind that ever appeared in any newspaper. It reads: "An original poem by Mr. Owen, an essay by Mr. Hankin, and ALL OUR ADVERTISEMENTS are unavoidably crowded out of this issue."

At least The Queek could not be subjected to the charge of being subservient to its advertisers. Not that the advertisements suffered by omission, though; they were just as timely the following week as then, or as they would have been next year. Their modesty and restraint in language and display was beyond all criticism.

"Amos C. Youmans, Dealer in Dry goods, groceries and Miner's outfits, Hazelton, Forks of Skeena, Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

The modern version of the closing sentence of this advertisement would probably be "Nuff sed." The balance of dignity is certainly in favor of Mr. Youmans.

"The Hudson's Bay Company have on hand a general assort't of groceries, provisions, &c., &c. A. Sampare, Agent."

This is a Christmas announcement, so it is far from improbable that at least one of the etceteras was liquid in form and in lively demand.

Here and there incidentally, we learn something of the conditions of life at Hazelton, but only incidentally, from, as it were, the asides of journalism. We learn that an express from Victoria takes some five weeks to get through. We find that supplies for the mining operations are taken to the mines in the winter for the following summer's work. The oldest inhabitant discusses the weather in terms of forty below zero, on the occasion of the mercury freezing up.

Interesting to the lover of natural history and of English as she is written, is a dissertation on the animals of the district, bearing in every line an authority quite evidently beyond and indifferent to that of the scribes.

"It might be of interest to our readers to know something about the animals and birds, we have around us, during the Winter and summer, and somewhat of their uses and habits, we will commence with the animals, there are no less than 26 fur bearing animals of which only 13 are recognised in the fur trade, they are the Bear, of which there are 3 kinds or 'colors' Black, Grey and Brown, the Wolverine Wolf, Cyote, Lynx, Otter, Beaver, Martin, Mink Fisher Ermine, and Fox of which there are (4) four kinds or classes Black (very rare) silver, cross and red, and lastly the Musquash, the other 13 although bearing fur are not in the trade, being of little or no value, viz., flying squirrel, ground or strip'd squirrel, red or com. squirrel, norway rat or better known as the bushytail, marmot three kinds, skunk, hare, longtail or Kangaroo mouse, tailess mouse, shrew, common house mouse, and a little mite hardly as big as our thumb nail we think completes the list."

At this point a kindly if tardy period enables the reader to come up for breath before the next plunge.

"Now we come to those animals which are nearly the most valuable at least to the Hunter they are viz. Mountain Goat, Mountain Sheep or "Bighorn," Ibex, Cariboo or Reindeer, Porkupine, and we may add the Moose although we have never heard of any being seen within 100 miles of the Forks, while all the others mentioned are in the vicinity of Hazelton with the one exception perhaps of the Cyotes although we have seen several skins, but were told that they had been killed 70 or 80 miles down in the Hecwillgate Country, occasionally a white bear's skin is seen which of course is only a freak of nature it's progenitors being black (Note: this is probably Kermode's white bear, determined as a spearate species only within the past few years, and named after the discoverer). The same thing happens in almost all fur bearing animals and it's a fact worthy of notice that it is only with fur bearing animals, in these northern latitudes, that nature plays such pranks I have seen a snow white Fisher, a white Mink, a white Beaver, the latter at Stickeen why the rabbit or hare, Ermine, and Tharmigan (ptarmigan) turn white in winter, we think no one knows, is it for protection? Whatever the cause, we may be sure it is a good one."

Here the writer postpones operations until the next week's issue, doubtless to give him time to gather sufficient material and vocabulary for another sentence

"The bears all hybernate during the winter, the black bear taking to his cache first then the grey or grissely, occasionally a grey will not go to sleep at all, or if he does it will be very late in the winter and only for short spells the reason of this I do not know; the Indians give him a different name from the other bears, and say that for some reason or other he failed to get fat, like the rest of his tribe and is very fierce and will attack any thing he may chance to meet, the writer has seen the tracts of a grisely, on the 21st December, in deep snow. It would be impossible in a paper, as short as this must necessarily be, to more than glance at the different animals, as pages could be written on each individual subject of this sketch and of interest too. Most all the fur animals are used for clothing and trimmings, and consequently a fictitious value sometimes is set on one particular fur according to fashion which much anoyes the unlucky fur trader thousands of miles away probably from the real market and as years ago the rise and fall of fur, made no difference to the trader so now he must watch as carefully, as a Liverpool broker will, the state of the wheat or cotton markets. If bear are firm, martens lively, or minks steady that is all he expects to be successful fur trader but this is foreign from our subject, let us see how any of these are put to use nearer home the Indians make no use at all of any fur the squaws placing too high a value on them to allow the hunter to resist the anticipated visit to the trade shop where his every want can be supplied so only those that are of little value are used by them, they cut the hare into stripes and plait them together making a very warm and thick rug. The Ermine is an important addition to their dresses of state, being arranged in a rearly handsome and becoming head dress, the Marmot or Queek is used for robes and takes the place of money in their several transactions. But the skins of the cariboo and goat they could not do without, shoes, coats, pack straps, snow shovelling, spoons from the horns of the mountain sheep that will hold a gallon or more small black spoons from the horns of the goat their wool woven into yarn the same used for sewing twine, scrapers are made from the bones of the Cariboo for getting the sap from the Pitchpine in the spring to eat every part and portion of the Cariboo, sheep, and goat, are utilized by the Indian and his family."

Here the story ends. The birds of Hazelton remain unsung. Of the Queek's contributors and readers few are living and those who remain are scattered far and wide. The modern newspaper following in the wake of railway construction may be replete with foreign news, with latterday, snappy advertising set forth in the latest fashion of type; but it will have to go far to rival the old-fashioned earnestness, the quaint philosophy and the gentle humor of those miners of an older generation, who gave the best that was in them for the diversion of their fellows.

The Clock Watcher

By Frederic Borden

Illustrated by DeAlton Valentine

MY neighbor in the smoking compartment, catching the name on the signboard as a way station flitted by, ran his eye down the timetable and glanced at his watch again.

"Great Caesar!" he grunted. "Eleven minutes late!"

I knew we were behind schedule and hadn't been greatly interested. But the big man in the opposite seat seemed so vitally concerned -he had consulted the watch no less than a half dozen times within a half hour—that I felt it incumbent on me to say something disagreeable about the road.

"The cow that is moving east ahead of us must be many miles from home by this time," I ventured.

The big man laughed good-naturedly. The laugh came from him so spontaneously and easily that I was moved to chuckle at my own feeble jest.

"If I were in as much of a hurry as you are and were traveling on such a disappointing train," I complimented him, "CharleyChaplincouldn't coax a laugh out of me. I know what it is."

"Hurry?" he seemed puzzled. "Hurry? Why, I'm the most leisurely fellow in the world. I didn't get these gray hairs that way. How did you get the impression I was in a hurry?"

"I couldn't help noticing how frequently you looked at your watch."

"Oh—of course," he said. "Habit of mine. Had it for years. Guess I must have caught it from a young chap named Jenkins I used to know a long time ago back in Canada. Funny thing."

Jenkins grew from a clock-watching office boy into a cloc's-watching clerk

I must say for the K. C. & C. that, regardless of its mendacious timetables, its Pullman smokers are productive of good yarns in sufficient number to make up for whatever time one may lose by traveling on its temperamental trains. I sensed one now in the offing.

Caught it, eh?" I angled. "That sounds interesting."

My story prospect lit a fresh cigar in silence, which I accepted as a rebuke. Then out came his watch again and his eye went to the dial. He did not return the timepiece to his pocket, but dangled it moodily at the end of the chain.

The first ash had fallen of its own weight from his cigar when he spoke again.

I guess it is interesting," he said. "One of the oddest things about it is that young Jenkins,who had the habit originally and wished it onto me, was a worthless sort of devil, whereas I've become rather prosperous."

That seemed as far as he intended to go. I didn't let the fire grow cold.

"Jenkins?" said I. "Wonder if he's any relation to the Jenkins Motor Company over in Racine? I've just come from closing a $50 000 roller bearing contract with Hawley, their purchasing agent."

I couldn't help the jubilant note in my voice. The Jenkins Motor Company was the biggest manufacturer of high grade automobiles in the country. Closing the contract with Hawley meant not only a handsome commission for me and an upward jump in the estimation of the old man back in the home office, but a great boost for our product. There was something about my smoking compartment companion which made me want him to think well of me.

"Good for you," he approved. "But I'd hardly think—would you?—that the Jenkins I knew would ever break into a responsible organization like the Jenkins Motor company."

"In the old days they used to call my Jenkins 'the clock watcher.' He had a fairly good and fairly active brain, but he couldn't keep his eyes off the clock. He was the last clerk in and the first out.

"You know the type. They may have something in 'em, but the busy employer hasn't time to bother getting it out. Almost anyone who sets up to be an efficiency expert will tell you to get rid of the clock watcher when he calls on you professionally. It's his first piece of advice, sometimes.

"Well, this Jenkins I knew him that far back—started life as a clock watching office boy. He was a dreamer, the way I figured it out, who aspired to do the heavy thinking part with his feet planted on the desk while somebody else did the work.

"In less than three months a new office boy had Jenkins' place and he was trying out another job. There hadn't been any particular complaint about the way he did his work, but the bosses just naturally couldn't stand the affinity between him and the face of the clock. Jenkins didn't have a watch of his own and there was no clock in the little side room where they had put him to work. So every five or ten minutes he'd be dodging out into the main office to see how near going home time it was.

"Jenkins grew up from a clock-watching office boy into a clock-watching clerk. He played to form and averaged about three months to a job. His work would be fair enough—what there was of it—but when the boss dropped in after dinner to see how the get-ahead, overtime boys were getting on, he'd never find Jenkins among them. Of course it wasn't the contract that clerks should stay after hours and try to do an extra day's work. Still, it showed the proper spirit.

"Along about the twenty-third or twenty-fourth job of his brief but varied business career Jenkins almost made good. For the first month he never was late to arrive or irritatingly early to leave. Several nights, with his face twisted into a scowl, he went back to the office after dinner and worked a couple of hours, trying to get away with what he later discovered had been two men's work.

"It was when he found out the boss' sharp practice that Jenkins went back to his old ways. The next week he was watching the clock harder than ever and set like a sprinter on the starting line when the 5.30 whistles blew.

"And the next week after that the chief clerk called Jenkins to one side and told him to look for another job. I was in the office at the time and let me tell you I felt sorry for Jenkins. He had become quite confidential and had opened his heart to me.

"'I don't know what's the matter with me,' he said. 'I know the way to get up in the world is to deliver more than the boss pays you for. I don't think I'm afraid of work—sometimes I figure out I'm working harder than anybody else in sight. But then there's other times when it nearly drives me crazy to have to get out a thousand bills, all alike except for a little difference in the names and amounts and order numbers. It makes me hopeless to look at a stack of bills like that. I get to thinking there ought to be machines to do such jobs and while I'm thinking the other fellows are plugging in and taking their punishment as if they enjoyed it. I guess maybe the trouble is with my backbone.'

"When the chief clerk had finished talking to Jenkins—a pretty good sort of scout, he was, named Handy—he stopped to say a few words to me, by way of advice.

"'Modern business,' said he, 'has no time for the clock watcher. The theory may be right or it may be wrong; it's not for me to say. You'll find, though, that the clock watcher is the one that stands still while the other boys forge ahead. He's anchored to the old clock and held out of the race.'"

Jenkins, with sleeves rolled up and whistling under his breath, was busy at his desk

The big man borrowed a match. He had let his cigar go out.

"Afraid I've turned this into Chatauqua instead of a chat," he said. "I'm boring you?"

"What happened to Jenkins?" I demanded. "Go on. I know a thousand like him."

Another way station was framed for an instant in the smoker window. The time table and the watch were put to work.

"We've picked up two minutes," remarked the big man, with satisfaction. "Jenkins? Well, after that particular dismissal he kept going in the old way a couple of years more. I saw much of him and tried to point out that with his intelligence, combined with sand and grit, he ought to make good. He'd reply that working on other people's bills took all the sand out of him; and he had no grit. The more I associated with Jenkins the more his unfortunate weakness for clock-watching gripped me. It was catching—that was all. Whereas my good advice didn't serve to change him a bit.

"Now Jenkins' home town—and he never got up gumption enough to get away from it—wasn't a great city. It was just a lively, bustling middle western community, overshadowed a bit by Winnipeg.

"In any of the big cities Jenkins could have clock-watched his way out of one job and into another until the end of his days, and died unknown. But in our town he achieved an unenviable fame. We were just provincial enough so that most of the employers

belonged to the same club: and the employers were so intimately associated with the details of their organization that sometimes the subject of Jenkins would come up and they would shake their heads over him.

"At the age of twenty-seven Jenkins was looking for a job again. He had worked almost everywhere in town and found himself up against the problem of finding an employer who never had hired and fired him before and to whose ears his clock-watching reputation had not carried.

"Hardware, wholesale groceries, dry goods, the shoe factory, paper, the other mills and other lines—all had been tried by Jenkins from the office end. His head was a muddle of a hundred different office systems and different businesses. For the first time, as he considered the doors that were closed to him, he thought of going to the big town to bury himself.

"Before gathering his resources for the jump Jenkins fired a final volley of letters of application to 'blind' advertisements in the Daily Voice. His letter was a masterpiece. He had had much experience in getting jobs, you remember."

"So he got no answers and went to the big town?" I suggested as the big man showed a disposition to slow up. We already were at the outskirts of Chicago.

"Your guess is one out of the way," corrected the big man. "A single reply reached Jenkins the next day. He was asked to call at an office on the top floor of our new eight storey sky scraper, the pride of the city.

"Jenkins had no sooner got into the office than he turned around and started out.

"'Come back, my boy!' someone yelled

"'I'm afraid I'm the same Jenkins you fired some years ago, Mr. Handy,'" said our hero. "'I'd almost forgotten your name but your face isn't a hard one to remember.'"

"'I've got tohave an office man quick and I'm willing to give you a trial,'" snapped Handy the old chief clerk of the hardware firm. "'You'd better report for work to-morrow. I guess we can hit on a satisfactory salary.'

"Well they talked a while and decided $18 a week would be a fair consideration. That was three dollars more a week than Jenkins had ever earned. I have said they didn't think much of clock watchers in our town

"Jenkins held back the most important question until Handy had closed down his desk and reached for the hat brush.

"'What time'll I report in the morning?' he asked

Oh, I wasn't going to bother about such details,' said Handy. "'Until the business gets along or goes broke there'll be only the two of us. We won't need to be as particular about starting time and quitting time as they are in bigger offices. You notice there's no clock on the wall. That's because I don't believe in clocks. I think they make men feel like slaves—some men

"'Now you can get down any time you please,' Handy went on. 'There's a certain amount of work to be done and it'll be up to you to do it. If you can figure out short cuts that's your business I've got a theory that an employee who's any sort of a man and who's treated like a human being will be loyal to the boss that he'll keep abreast of his job. Some mornings I get down at 8.30. Again I may not be down until 11 Or I may be out on the golf links all afternoon and stay on the job until midnight next day. It just depends on how things line up. Your hours will be like mine——just what you have to make 'em.'

"It was a proposition that never had been put up to Jenkins before. He didn't know how to act. For the first couple of weeks he got to the office somewhere between 9 and 10 o'clock, half the time finding Handy there ahead of him. In the afternoon he generally gave Handy a ten minute start before he put on his own hat

"Jenkins earned his $18 a week all right. Dabbling with various cost systems had given him a pretty shrewd idea of how much clerical work $18 ought to buy at the point where the clerk became a liability. But somehow he wasn't satisfied.

Continued on page 387.

He didn't return the timepiece to his pocket but dangled it moodily at the end of the chain

Potlatch on the Pacific

By Bonnycastle Dale

Illustrated from Photographs

An adventurous young Chilcat who braved the white man's ill-omened ghost-box

"OH! I wish I had my gun," irreverently exclaimed Fritz as we gazed at the weird masked figures. We knew for days there was something going to happen in this little isolated Indian village. We had met Coast Indians rushing through the deep hemlock forests bearing invitations to all of their totem or phatry or clan—call it what you will—to come and eat them out of house and home. Yes and take the house away back with them if they wanted it

These were Chilcats, these mummers in the horrid masks and nodding head dresses. It is mighty lucky that we did not have guns, and were not of nervous temperaments, as we met this procession of grotesque demons in a narrow trail in the great Douglass firs. Oh if a New York impressario could have just lifted this scene, mighty trees, centuries old, moss clad for a hundred feet up, a dim winding trail beaten by the feet of wild animals for ages, two alarmed white men and a silent band of figures more awful than ever Kiralfy conceived for the "Black Crook."

Alas that the ridiculous is ever on the heels of the sublime! The first figure doffed his great painted and carved headdress and begged a cigarette from the fat laughing boy beside me. Personally I had eyes for nothing but those wonderful Chilcat blankets. I backed one awful monster up to a tree and examined the glorious fabric he wore, wool of the mountain goat cunningly entwined on cedar bark thread. The warp was the cedar bark, the woof the goat's yarn, only the inner silky coat of the animal being used—all the glorious intermingled shades of brown and yellow, a moss yellow against a charcoal black. And the same wonderful figures that cover their totem poles were here worked in bark and wool.

"Look at that top piece, I'd like to grab it," laughed the lad. Truly this chief had a most wonderful—well, Fritz called it "a lid." It rose like a big sugarloaf above his head, a mass of glittering brass and abelone shell, seal whiskers and eider down.

Off the strange procession went down the gloomy aisles of that mighty forest. Really one had to rub one's eyes to make sure one was not dreaming.

"There comes the old Shaman now, be sure you don't spit," said Fritz.

Now this was no laughing matter. I had grieviously offended the old man. I had pointed my camera at him, checking my finger on the action the instant he objected, but he always believed I had taken away part of his spirit (they imagine they lose some vital part if you photograph them, therefore they call the camera "ghost-box,") and if he could only gather up on his knife any portion of my spittle he would perform some weird rite that

was supposed to put a kink in yours truly.

"Hi!" called the laughing lad to me "here's the dilly one now."

He was right. On his way to the Potlatch house strode a chief. From neck to heel fell a garment of the most exquisite shades and designs, all fringed in wondrous cedar bark and wild goat wool hangings, dyed in harmonious shades, a regular autumnal band of glorious browns and yellows. I knew this chap, but not a fleeting glance did he favor me with. He was the head chief of the Chilcats; his leggins were masses of cedar wool fringes; his ceremonial head dress towered two feet above him, and in his hand he carried a wonderfully carved rattle.

"There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," sang the irrepressible Fritz, as the native band, with its rude drums and feather-decked members sailed past us.

We had come many a days' journey by land and water to see this weird rite. On our way we had stopped at native villages and tried to trace whether the inhabitants were from the great southern races, as are the Hiadas, true sons of South Seas tribes, or were they of the shorter, stockier men that originally walked across the Isthmus of Behring. We had gazed with wonder at the rude burial places with the cedar board shacks and tall grinning totem poles, knowing that within these mortuary houses, in wondrously carved cedar chests, lay the forefathers of these peoples. We had watched these patient craftsmen fell a tall cedar tree, then with infinite patience smooth the great bole, often sixty to eighty feet long, and with care and precision carve the entire surface into great ravens and bears, whales and human monsters, very little changed since Vancouver sailed along these seas over a century ago. Living almost entirely in their canoes has bred a race of shortlegged men. Living among the animals and birds, and without any knowledge of a Higher Spirit, they have formed a weird folk lore of dreadful monsters, Thunder Birds, Killer Whales and the like. Some of the northern villages in Alaska appear from the sea as if protected by a tall palisade. These are the groups of great carved totem poles that stand in front of every house.

In preparing for war these men make themselves truly hideous. All the body is painted in glaring colors and spotted over with eider down or eagles' down, if they can get it. Wooden masks and armour are heaped in the middle of the canoe, the warriors pile in, the most venemous garrulous old hag steers the craft, outwitching Macbeth's witches in fury. Scalping and slavery are not the worst of the dread things they do to their enemies. What do you think of the spirit that animated these rude people when, for fear the dogs or children would make an outcry, they slaughtered them all ere they fled at night before their Russian foes?

I have seen some trouble among them and believe me I would much rather have been attacked by the men than by the women. The conduct of the slaves as the canoe approached the home village was remarkable. Each slave threw himself flat on his back in the shallow water and remained there until his captor came and gave him the right to stand on his own feet in his enemies' country. Ever after he ate with the left hand only, as the sign of a conquered man.

We had only seen one duel on this coast in all our travels. This came out of a boastful threat made after the chief had lost all his possessions, his canoe, his blankets, his money, yes even his rifle and common household ware. The game was the regular coast one of hiding two bones in the closed hands, then, with the hands behind the back, exchanging them many times and asking the enemy to guess which hand contains the marked deer bone, the winner taking all the stakes. This happened outside a salmon fishing station, and so much into disuse had the duelling habit fallen that it took the best part of a week for each man to get his thick leather shirt and wooden armour, his great wooden helmet and mask. Save for the fact that these were of wood and the Crusaders' of steel, they were alike in clumsiness and weight. The weapons were short sharp knives and we had had a strong hint that, if we forewarned the authorities, we might feel those same knives ourselves.

The whole tribe gathered below the tents—they were all working at a salmon cannery—men, women and children in a straggling circle, the backers of each contestant in a motley group. Soon a rude "old folks song" began and the two men stepped out. Instantly each drove the point of his knife into the other's wooden body shield. Each wore several of these, like great wooden scales, while beneath them he wore a vest of slats of a yellowish wood woven together with sea lion sinews. Unless stabbed in the chin or wrists no blood could be drawn, for no arm was powerful enough to drive a blade through the scales and slats. The face mask was kept in place by a strap held between the teeth.

Now the old hags squealed out "Alla! How—! How—! How!" and the the treble of the boys took it up until the row reached the bunkhouse and down came the manager, a red-headed Scotchman, and the way he used his boots on those native duellists would have pleased "One of the Finest." Needless to say this ended the only duel to which we ever were forcibly invited.

One day when the great sun was sinking into the distant Pacific, we were all on the alert for an invitation to, well it really was a "Puberty Feast"—but by any name a feast seems al-

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Little Growling Bird with his mother who works in the cannery

An Eight Days' Rain

By Nan Moulton

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

PART II

"You? Bless you, you're like—Listen, I just picked up a book there while I was waiting, somebody Pater or Pater something. He said a queer thing about a woman, 'kind, she seemed, beseeching, capable of sorrow'—and it made me think of you; kind, of course, though I've never seen you beseeching and never very sorrowful, though *capable* of sorrow isn't the same, is it? But you're capable of wonderful friendship and wonderful understanding and wonderful sympathy—What are you muttering there under you breath?"

"Giving you Tennyson for your Pater. 'I am half-sick of shadows,' said the Lady of Shallott."

"I don't get you. Say, Hilda, didn't any of those Johnnies you nursed—?"

"All of them," snapped Sister Chamberlin. "I never nursed you, did I, Mark?"

"No," he said abstractedly, walking to a window. "Isn't this weather the limit? Gets so damnably on everybody's nerves, begging your pardon, lady. It's what these Dutchmen call 'An Eight Days' Rain.' An Eight Days' Rain is responsible for most of the wickedness in South Africa. I hope to heaven nobody is on the veldt during this."

Alas, somebody *was* on the veldt!

The Queenshires were just about ready to entrain for Australia. Dennis Lane found nothing to do this rainy day and the cantonments were very deadly. This was an infernal country, anyway. For days and days and days when it hadn't rained, it hailed, and when it hadn't hailed, it blew, and always it thundered and always the lightning flamed and jagged and sheeted, and the skies nearly fell onto the earth. You couldn't ride and polo was off and everybody had gone away anyway, to India and the ends of the earth. It was a disgruntled Dennis who slung a cape over his now firm square khaki shoulders and set off on a tramp through the mud and the rain and the chill for a last look at the old Camp above on the hill. The enteric seemed far back now. It was all a chance that the illness had come suddenly one day when he was dining with the Camp Super and that he had gone to the Camp hospital instead of to the proper military hospital in the town below. It was a pretty lonesome old Camp up there now under the leaden skies. The Super had gone back to Ireland and the teachers were two and two off on that horrible veldt following the Boer kinders with farm schools. The doctors and the nurses were scattered to the four airts, only the dapper one with one lung was still in Doornkop. The old vrows and their cheerful braziers had gone to the farms in Repatriation wagons. Dear Sister Daunt was visiting a daughter in Durban. The funny old Lants were on their way to their provincial town in England. There were a few Repatriation officials living in the house of corrugated iron that still stood. That young chap in the Super's old house had a pretty Cape Colony girl for a wife. But when Dennis stopped for afternoon tea to lighten his gloom, the pretty Colonial was not at home. Then he had found that womanish Head Master of the District teachers feeding a lot of stupid hens from the loathly white ants consuming the soggy canvas of fallen marquees, and he had flung away down the slope towards the river in a perfect riot of disgust and melancholy. Just as the hills flashed fire again and the thunder rattled in peals and crashed like judgment and the rain came down in solid rivers, he stumbled on the little old empty block-house half-way between the Camp and the River and, squeezing past the swinging door in the corrugated iron side, climbed up and lay at full length along the mound, watching the wildness without 'rom sulky half-closed, young eyes. Denny's mercurial temperament was in full impetuous reaction, the hour holding for him a flavor that was new, dregs of loneliness, bitterness of boredom, the native quality of him needing warmth and sun and stir and folks for its breath of life and blossom ng.

Denny, scowling through a loop-hole at the fury abroad out there on the African veldt, was a different creature from the thin, rapturous boy of one July morning when the Camp practised hockey and he had had a brand-new world for breakfast. This Denny was brown and muscular and arrogant. His good looks were all back with his physical vitality. His mood and the storm were perhaps responsible for the absence of the whimsical, boy-sweetness that had danced in his freckle and been the beat of his smile when he came back so eagerly from the dark of enteric.

There came a green-black hush upon the drenching grey for a perceptible moment, then the dark was suddenly lit by one wide flame of mauve, and on the veldt stood

up a great cluster of scarlet lilies on a single flat stem. The stark, flaming beauty startled Denny into life just as a white cappie halted at the paling edges of the flame, two hands covering the eyes beneath. When the next flash came, Denny was pulling up to the turf beside him a girl with a wet little frightened face, her breath coming raggedly from her panting little breast.

"Lord bless me, it's Hylbrecht! Pretty little Hylbrecht that used to give me my medicine in the old Camp! Child, but I'm glad to see you! Come under me plaidie."

Dennis hadn't seen Hylbrecht since he had gone back to cantonments. If he had thought of her at all, it had been vaguely as part of all the pleasant things of life he had come back to, the daisies on the veldt and fun and music and polo and dancing and work and red flags. But, for Hylbrecht, he had simply burned up all her world When he had kissed her, every other interest, every normal affection had shrivelled up. Since he had gone back to his regiment she had drifted about in a dumb, blind pain, her silence so charged with live snapping currents that even her friends, the children did not catch her hand as she went up and down past their activities. Lately, since the Camp had quite broken up, she was staying with her step-mother and the newer little Prinsloos in a tent on the river-flats until stubborn father Jan took the oath of allegiance and came back from St. Helena. Mostly she wandered across the veldt with her years'-old, inarticulate hunger, the corners of her red mouth curled with questions she did not know she was asking.

ALL OF THEM, SNAPPED SISTER CHAMBERLIN, I NEVER NURSED YOU DID I, MARK?

And here suddenly her wet, tremulous smile was meeting the gay, careless pleasure of his, and her throbbing little heart was beating against his breast as his warm arm tucked her tight and kind under his cape on the narrow platform of the block-house. The wonderful, magical meeting had come

"Meester Dennee!" she whispered in her low shy voice. "Meester Dennee!!" she crooned, with a long, long sigh.

Her face flew lovelier colors as he brushed back the wisps of her soft black hair, and something got into his throat.

"You warm, dark, red Rose!" he whispered. "And I was so low and lonesome in my heart. Rosaleen Dhu! Rosaleen Dhu!"

She was just a primitive thing astray on the veldt, blind and lovely, and she did not know about world-forces when an uncontrollable surge of gladness drove the warmth of her wordless, clinging lips to the mouth of the cross, lonely, irresponsible Denny. And he was only a laughing, sun-loving, careless, spoiled boy with no conception of what a tense electrical storm can do to unfortified souls, and with no thought of harm, and he kissed her back and back on her glowing mouth, all the crossness and ennui and melancholy transmuted into his old warmth and sweetness and joy of life

What gods there are in South Africa—and there are few enough at the best of times—were hiding from the storm-gods. And the storm-gods made mouths at one another, wide mouths of violet flame. Around the block house the black rain fell. Within the block-house, a man's kind, careless laugh had died and the smouldering fires in a girl's dark eyes had flamed. And all across the veldt, the storm-gods only made mouths—pink and green and purple mouths of fire.

Next morning, the Queenshires went the way of the Army, whistling back to Australia. And next morning Mark Leroy went the way of the prospector, keen-eyed into Swaziland.

IV.

It was July again. The dark had dropped with a quick chill over the purple shadows that always crept out from the kloofs to follow the sun's swift going. At the Cottage Hospital Sister Chamberlin came out on the stoep for a moment to draw a breath of the frosty air, drooping a tired, hot head against a pillar of the stoep as she sent her soul out a precious free moment into the dusk and aloneness. Everybody was tucked away for the night, praise be! But she heard Padre Gunn and Doc. Raydon ping-ponging away in the distance waiting her coming. In a few moments she would go to them. Doc. Raydon was down for a couple of days from Schiedpad on business. Padre Gunn was away with the Bavs next day. What a country it was for comings and goings—though, indeed, for a year it had seemed all goings.

The galloping of a horse, that had come muffled through the thick dust of the road, struck clearer from a path across the veldt, came closer, stopped abruptly at the gate of the Cottage Hospital. When Sister Chamberlin called back her wandering soul and opened her tired eyes, a tall man was hurrying up the path between the white-washed stones, a man with a carosse in his arms, evidently a heavy carosse, a carosse that dripped, dripped up the path, that dripped, dripped below the steps of the Cottage Hospital, that dripped, dripped at Sister Chamberlin's feet.

"Is it you, Hilda? Thank God. This is——"

"Hylbrecht? Hylbrecht dripping between us again? Oh, Mark, where have you been so long? And whatever has Hylbrecht been doing?"

"Make her comfortable, Hilda. I'll wait here till you come back."

Hilda's face was grave when she came back to the stoep after a long time. She shivered into a wrap. Mark had forgotten he was damp, but Hilda brought him a rug

"I'll take you to a fire as soon as I can. But we can't talk in there. Tell me quick. She is all right for a while."

He told her as quickly as he could for her constant questions about himself. He was on his way out from Swaziland, full of fever, bitten by a tarantula, charged with adventures. They had been on the edge of a native uprising, sleeping for nights with their revolvers in their hands. They had visited the kraal of a king with a million wives. They had met a party of Frenchmen in some unspeakable bush, foregathered with them for a night, taught them poker and demonstrated the superiority of Canadian Club, the Frenchmen prone before its merits long ere the night was done. And they had known a Portuguese murderer who dared not ever come out from the interior, but lived and swaggered among a tribe of exceeding blackness

Coming back from Delagoa Bay, Mark and his man had left the train at Waterval to go to Zojkewater to see some mines. Then they and their waggons had come across country to Doornkop. Mark was out of tobacco when the scattered lights of Doornkop showed from the top of Klapper Kop. He had bidden his man take the trolleys round by the bridge and he had ridden the short cut to the stepping-stones—he sure was needing a smoke!

It seemed as though Hylbrecht had jumped in just as he halted by the river. She had struggled and fought him, she would not be saved. Afterward he had seen. Then he had wrapped her quickly in his carosse and brought her to Hilda. What did Hilda know of Hylbrecht's pitiful story?

Hilda had not guessed until to-night. Hylbrecht had been with her at the Cottage Hospital since Mark had gone away. Hylbrecht, quiet and deft and remote, drooping under her cappie, inarticulate. In May she had gone back to her step-mother in the tents along the river, for Father Jan was still stubborn at St. Helena. Once or twice Hilda had sent for her in a rush and each time she had sent back the message, "I come not more." Once Hilda had gone to inquire, but a bitter Boer woman had greeted her inhospitably from the shade of her tent, professing utter ignorance of English, but unbearably insolent in the Taal. Hilda went away as quickly as she might, her cheeks burning. To-night Hylbrecht had told her a little more in there, her sullen little face desperate from Sister Chamberlin's own warm, safe bed. The horrible stepmother had seen lately how things were with Hylbrecht and Hylbrecht had given her already all her money from the hospital She would not tell her story, was more and more silent under pressure and contumely. There had been a young Boer hanging about, Dirk Potgieter, but Hylbrecht would have none of him—burned at the mention of him, a "blood-dog," a National Scout. And that day, the step-mother had driven her forth from her tent with foul names and unclean names. Hylbrecht wandered the veldt till night. Then this Potgieter met the hunted, frightened, straying girl and offered to take her home.

"He seems to have had decent instincts, at least," praised Mark.

"I think—you don't quite understand. He didn't—want—to marry her."

Mark swore.

"But that wouldn't have mattered," hurried Sister Chamberlin. "Hylbrecht would have none of him in any guise. But he was persistent and it was somehow the last straw. I asked her why she didn't come to me, but the revilings of her step mother had burned to her soul. 'I very shame' she said. The River was nearest. Then you came."

Mark rose to his feet and turned towards the door.

"I must see her now," he said.

"What for, Mark?"

"I want to ask her to marry me."

"But, Mark—!", Hilda remonstrated. "Why, Mark—!", Hilda stammered. "Oh, Mark—!", Hilda wept—"It isn't —*isn't*—YOU!"

Mark turned his fever-drained face on her weeping, caught her up to her feet beside him, faced her level-eyed in the light of the door.

"Hilda, did you think *that* of me?"

"Oh, no, no!" she moaned. "Oh, I would have sworn No in the face of God for you. But you never know about a man. Mark, you haven't got to marry her!"

"No, I haven't *got* to marry her, Hilda." He smiled slightly at the reminiscent arguments. "But I still want to. It isn't because I've saved her twice from the river, either. And it isn't, this time, because her face is like a wild, warm flower in her white sun-bonnet. Her poor little face isn't warm any more nor bright any more, she's like something trampled, curse them!"

"But, Mark, men don't usually forgive this sort of thing in a woman."

"Forgive?" He was blazing now "Men? Woman! Men made you tired, you said once, Hilda. Men make me tired too. What do I care about men and their standards and their sanctions and their judgments? I have nothing to forgive. Does one forgive a child for falling and hurting its poor self? Hylbrecht is hurt—damnably hurt. Haven't you seen her eyes?"

"Yes, Mark. They are terrible. But there's you, too—your life, your friends, your future, yourself."

"I am nothing special, Hilda, as the world goes. In the West there's a saying that a man should live so that he can look any other damn man in the face and tell him to go to hell. If you like, I'll apologise for the profanity, Hilda, but tha[illegible] how the [illegible] and to-night I need profanity for expression. I'm just a plain cuss, Hilda, from the Rocky Mountains, and that's all the standard of life I acknowledge that forcibly-worded western one. For the rest, there's nobody on earth to whom it matters what I do." ("Oh, isn't there?" breathed Hilda). "My dear old mother went to heaven two years ago, and I'm all the family. I'll take her to the mountains, Hilda, find a new wholesome life on a free ranch with a green lake below and a mine up against the sky, and we'll forget this heathen, pestilent, dusty mouthed country and be happy again

"Then you care—still

"Of course I care—still. It's hard to say, Hilda. But I take it there's soul as well as sense in loving. Where was the credit of loving a warm red flower of a girl like Hylbrecht was in the Camp, in her white cappie brushing and untangling her fringe of lashes until even that clod of a Potgieter desired her in marriage? Now it's time for the soul to have a shot at it. The color is gone from her face and the fires from her shaded eyes and she is frightened and unprotected. What sort of a love is it that would leave her now? What's the use of being a man with a big arm if you don't put it around her and keep it between her and harm? It looks very simple to me. Then there'll be the little chap. I'm I'm rather foolish about little chaps I'd like this one of Hylbrecht's to have a fair start."

Hilda bowed her head and took Leroy to Hylbrecht and her stony face. "It's all right," he choked when he came out again, and brushed past her to the stoep. Hylbrecht's stony face was melted with wonder when Sister Chamberlin went in.

"She will be pretty again, she whispered to herself, "and she'll grow up to Mark bye-and-bye. She's not stupid like most Boer girls, and he doesn't count on her fingers and her face was never unlighted in her [illegible] She'll grow up to Mark and I—I'll grow older and tireder nursing more and more of these round bourgeois." Then she went suddenly for Mark.

"Padre Gunn is in there singing, 'Polly winked her eye—Polly gave a sigh'. He isn't much of a Padre, they made him an Army Chaplain because of his name, he says. But he can say the marriage service. Bring him quickly."

After the ceremony, Doc. Raydon was summoned just as quickly.

"Stop your protests and get busy,"

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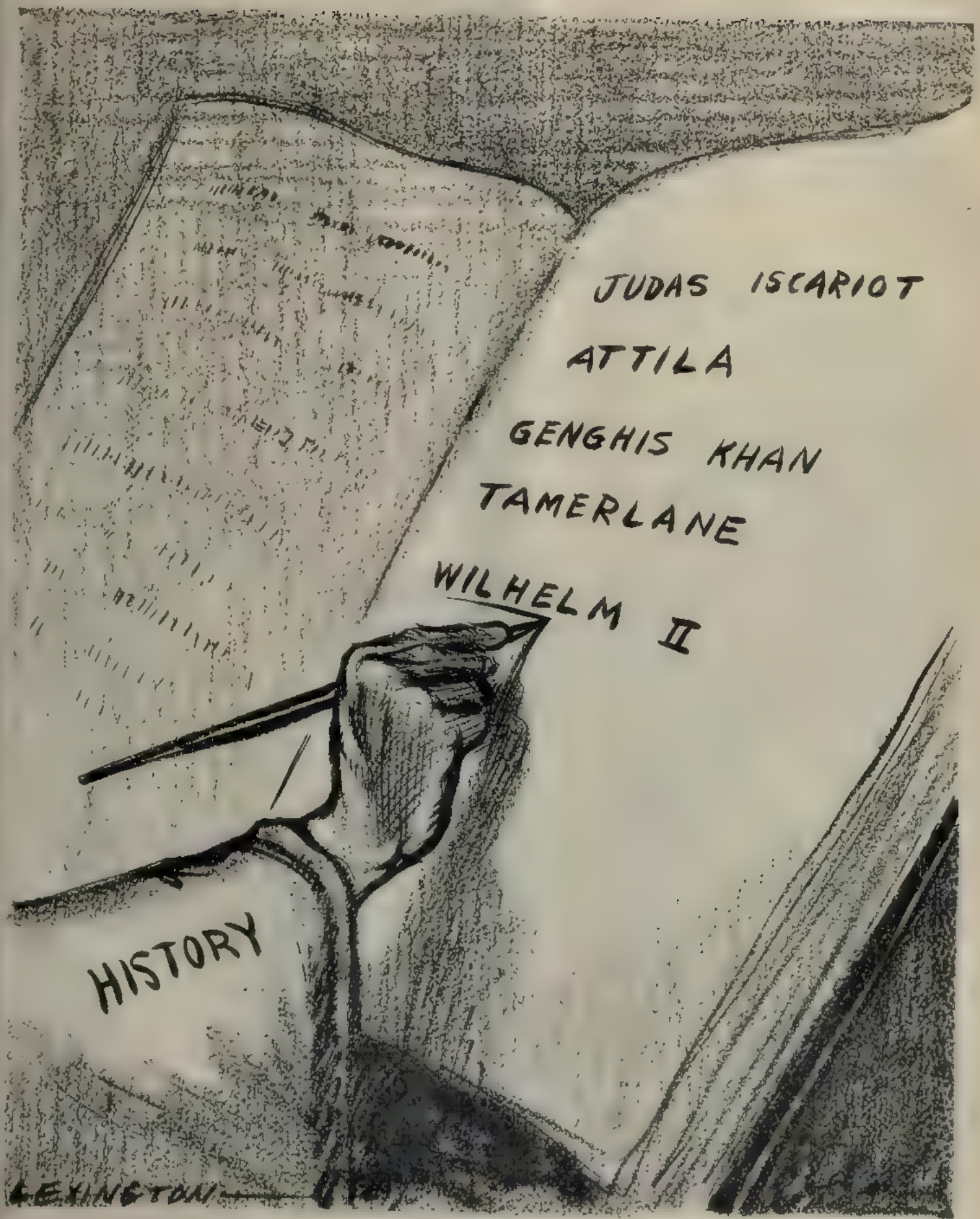
JUDAS ISCARIOT
ATTILA
GENGHIS KHAN
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WILHELM II
HISTORY
LEXINGTON

In the Forefront

KNIBBS OF "OVERLAND RED", G R GEARY, TORONTO'S KHAKI COUNSEL; ROBERT J. C. STEAD, THE PRAIRIE POET; DR. McKAY, WHOSE HOBBY IS TECHNICAL EDUCATION

The Rise of Knibbs

Who is Knibbs? He's the author of "Overland Red"—and a Regular Human Being.

By Robert Frothingham

'TIS a cast-iron law of the world's welfare that only those ought to be saved who can accomplish their own salvation. This, then is the story of a man who "lifted himself by his boot-straps"—who took himself firmly and resolutely by the scruff of the neck and hoisted himself from the deadly grind of a commonplace existence into a veritable romance of success. American life is full of such instances, but, so far as I know, none just like this

About seven summers ago, while on my way up Moosehead Lake for a fishing trip into the Canadian wilderness, I ran across a fellow-traveler on the dinky little steamer that tempts Providence every other day on that primeval and majestic body of water He was patching up a canvas canoe with a brush and a pot of pitch while his wife, a quiet, self-possessed, unobtrusive little woman, was rewinding a section of a jointed fly-rod, and re-tying a few busted "Jock Scotts" in a most skillful manner

Folks who love the "Open," who "see God in clouds and hear Him in the wind" need no introduction and soon we were chattering away like old friends. It wasn't in the nature of things that he should know I was an old newspaper man with as keen a nose for news as a cub reporter, and the story he told me, so simply and unaffectedly, and withal, so tragic in its possibilities, has remained fresh in my memory for seven long years of a rugged, man-size friendship —and now I'm going to tell it for the ood of the game

Somewhere between thirty and thirty-five, after years of drudgery as a stenographer, hemmed in by the "fell clutch of circumstance," dreaming of the day of deliverance when he might freely express himself and thereby "find himself," he had thrown up his job, gathered together a few hundred dollars, moved to Cambridge—he and his wife—and took a course in English literature and rhetoric at Harvard University. He had considerably less than a hundred dollars when he came out, all of which was invested in his canoe and camping equipment, together with enough "grub," such as bacon, flour, salt, sugar, coffee and tea, to last until spring, and was on his way to "hide up" for a winter in the Canadian wilderness in order to get atmosphere for a story

Both he and his wife were experts at the paddle, both dead shots with rifle and revolver, both good swimmers and fly-casters—and neither one of them afraid of anything on top of God's green earth. He had heard the call — "Arise, get thee hence! for this is not thy rest"; she was ready and they were on their way. Never will I forget his expression of exultant confidence in the future, as he quoted those lines from Browning:—

"I go to prove my soul—
I see my way as birds
their trackless way
I shall arrive! What time,
what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God
send his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet
or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time,
I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird
In his good time."

That evening, when the little steamer docked in the sombre shadows of a group of towering pines which bordered the shore of the lake, I went to a comfy little hotel nearby because I had "the price." My new-found friend and his wife made camp, boiled the kettle, ate frugally and turned in, because they were "broke." They laughed—and it was a real laugh. I laughed with them — but my laugh was an imitation. They were real sportsmen. I had always considered myself one, but that night I felt like a "tin-

HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

horn." When I turned out next morning, they had broken camp and gone and I didn't see them again for five years.

A year passed, and one day I received a long letter written from a ranch in the foothills of the Sierras in California. A wondrous letter—he had bought a cow-pony, and had learned to throw a lariat. Likewise, he and his little wife had built a bungalow with their own hands, and he could bake a "Bannock" that would make one's mouth water, and they wanted me to come out—

"To the land of the West, where the blue, where the ultimate ranges
Sun their cloud-muffled shoulders and sit with their feet in the sea;
Where the way of the world drifts along without too many changes,
And a man without money has friends—if he cares to be free."

Yet—that's his verse. He had "found himself," and he caught me off my guard; I nearly resigned my job and went to join him. He wouldn't let up, and the summer of 1913 found us together in his bungalow on the outskirts of Los Angeles, reading, like a pair of overgrown schoolboys, the manuscript of the greatest romance of the old cattle-raising days on the great Western plains that has ever been written, and one that was destined to be a best-seller the following year: "Overland Red."

Yes—Henry Herbert Knibbs is the man who "dreamed of the Outland trails and the songs of fighting men" as he "rode herd" on a typewriter in a western New York town. He's the guy that brought out, last fall, that gripping volume of Western verse, "Songs of the Outlands," virile stuff that will thrill you through and through, and more recently, another corking romance of the plains:—"Sundown Slim," and his wonderful wolf-hound "Chance"—all published by that dignified, "blue stocking," conservative old New England publishing house, Houghton and Mifflin, which only goes to prove that "the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin," and that in this day of God's grace, the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and "Overland Red" have much more in common than Beacon Hill and the "Sacred Codfish" ever imagined.

So here endeth the story of my friend Knibbs who, despite the fact that "Overland Red" is going into the movies, and the further fact that he is making money hand over fist, is still a regular fellow, and a real human being. Yes, a fairly good combination of old Father Rabelais and Fiona MacLeod, who has learned that a little romance in one's heart, and a little horse-sense in one's head, will keep a man going in the world as long as it is decent for him to stay.

George Reginald Geary

Toronto's Khaki Counsel, democrat and patriot, who forsakes the forensic forum for the front.

By Hugh S. Eayrs

I HAPPENED into one of the court rooms of the city hall in Toronto the other day and beheld an astonishing spectacle. The court was pretty well crowded. His honor looked severe. The jury, as usual was doing its best to keep awake. The court generally was in that delightfully slumbering sort of mood which fitted in pretty well with the hot summer day.

Suddenly the court woke up. Everybody looked towards the door of the room where counsel put on and take off the garments which are the sign of their vocation, because through that door came G. R. Geary, K.C., corporation Counsel for the City of Toronto. But it was a new Geary. The corporation counsel was suddenly merged in the soldier, and I do not know which surprised the court most—the khaki or the budding moustache.

This was Saul among the prophets—with a vengeance. Geary as a soldier was something new. Mr. Geary—or "Reg." as he is more familiarly known—came to the table and started to harangue the jury and point the forensic forefinger at the witness in the box, and all in the insignia of a lieutenant of the 35th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

All of which was a revelation to Toronto, and all of which was typical enough of Geary. For hasn't he always been blazing new trails, making new standards, creating new records and generally setting new examples?

It was so when he became mayor. Toronto has never had as young a mayor, and most people will admit that it never had a better one. Geary was thirty-seven when he became chief magistrate of the Queen City. It is not too much to say that George Reginald as mayor was an unqualified success. How he came at thirty-seven to be mayor of a British city as large as Toronto was in this wise.

George Reginald Geary was born in Strathroy, Ontario, in 1874. He came of United Empire Loyalist stock on his mother's side and he had some Irish in him from the same source Ever since he was a youngster of nine he has been responsible for some job or other which was beyond his years His father died at that time and since then he has been head of the family. He was educated at Upper Canada College and at the University of Toronto.

Geary must always have been a lawyer, if keeness and a quick wit are necessary attributes, for the pictures of him as a boy, just as his present photographs, demonstrate a quick and keen and active mind and a deal of

determination backed up by a more than usually large proportion of ingenuity. Accordingly he undertook the dual task of a university course and a law course. He made good in both, graduated in law in 1894, and forthwith went into partnership with a fellow varsity graduate

His sole assets at this time were fifteen dollars—and a consummate nerve! I like that touch about Geary. It is typical of the man. All his life he has found a Goliath, and armed with but a sling and a few small stones he has not rested till he stood on the corse of the giant and held up the scalp. To revert Geary and his partner were burnt out the first year of their practice. Nothing daunted, Geary looked around for another place and became a partner of his old law chief, A. McLean Macdonald

Things ran along in this groove until 1902. Then Geary essayed the Hill Difficulty known as politics. He offer-

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The Poet of the Prairies

Robert J. C. Stead, who runs plows and papers; writes publicity and poems; and does a prairie novel on the side.

By Vera M. Sinker

THE name of Robert James Stead will be remembered as a poet and writer of first rate importance. It adds increasing interest to know he was a native born Canadian, and also a son of the soil, born as he was on his father's farm near the village of Middleville, Lanark County, Ontario, on Sept 4, 1880. His father was of English, his mother of Scotch descent but both were Canadians

In 1882 the call of the "Last Great West" was heard and the family moved to Cartwright, Manitoba, where young Stead's early life was spent mainly in association with the prairies, then an almost unbroken wilderness. In these impressionable years he received an acquaintanceship with great nature — "the dear old nurse with her child upon her knee," that has earned for him the title "The Poet of the Prairies."

He was always of a studious nature and as a child of five years of age would spell out the headings of the newspaper items and ask what they meant and when three or four years of age would sit for hours at a time listening to his sister relate the stories of the Bible His early education was gotten in a little wooden schoolhouse on the corner of his father's farm. He had not the opportunity of regular school attendance though he made good use of his time. When the family moved into the village in 1892 he had the promising opportunity of attending school regularly

At this time the country was sparsely settled and the amusements were very few and of its own making, but his parents took a special delight in joining in his simple games in the evenings and thus a bond of fellowship sprang up between them such as is seldom seen to-day between parents and children. At seven years of age he would spend hours walking back and forth from the home to the pasture claiming some imaginary railroad deal with his school fellows. All this helped to develop his thinking powers. The rugged pioneer life combined with the influence of godly parents and a Christian home developed a simple trust in God, a keen sightedness into the future regarding the public issues at stake and a dominant will power that would not accept defeat

At the age of twelve he contributed prose and verse to newspapers, but not until 1903 did he receive anything more than local recognition. He went to school at Cartwright for two years and then had to bid good-bye to lessons and start and earn his living and brush against real life in the school of hard knocks

However he did not neglect his studies but pursued them alone and would only allow himself the recreation of one hour two nights in the week skating, the remainder of the time being spent over a Latin Grammar which he mastered without the aid of an instructor.

He worked first as a farm hand and later as a boy of all work in the general store of T. S. Menary, one of the early business men of Cartwright. After six months in a general store he became manager of a retail lumber yard in town, in which capacity he continued until in company with his father he bought out the business. About this time he was able to secure a winter at a Business College in Winnipeg, which was the nearest he ever got to a university

From childhood he had shown an interest in things literary, having served as a local newspaper correspondent

before he was twelve. He had a poem accepted for publication when he was thirteen. It was this that led him to establish a paper in Cartwright when he was eighteen, and ambitious, continuing at the same time in the lumber trade. Contrary to general expectation the paper was not a failure and after a couple years in the dual capacity of editor and lumber merchant he disposed of the lumber business and gave himself entirely to his newspaper enterprise. In 1908 he purchased the *Courier* at Crystal City spending half of the week in each town and personally overseeing the production of both papers.

At this time he heard the call of the Farther West and desiring a less confining occupation he disposed of his papers and moved to High River, Alberta, where he acted as Secretary for an automobile company. The three years spent in High River were years of ripening experience and brought him into close touch with the life of the ranching districts and the foothills But with everything he could not keep away from the newspaper calling and continued to write for newspapers and magazines. His work along this line attracted the attention of one of the Calgary dailies, and in 1912 he was offered a position on its editorial staff which he accepted. After a few months in Calgary a position on the staff of the general publicity agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway Department of Natural Resources was offered him He accepted and is still employed in that capacity

In the year 1903 began the literary history of the poet and author when a short poem known as the "Empire Builders" was published in the Canadian Magazine. This beautiful poem dealt with such aspects of Canadian development that it was widely reprinted Amongst others the Literary Digest of New York gave it instantaneous recognition. Encouraged by this young Stead gave himself to the compilation of a volume of verse which was published in book form in 1908, under the title of "Empire Builders." The years of intimate experience with the prairies as expressed in these verses made them profound in their appeal, made them fine and true in their feeling and observation They were 'born not made," and they carry intense conviction with them, the Montreal

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The "Made in Canada" Man

Dr. A. C. Mackay, of the Toronto Technical School, who runs a trade-training college for three thousand future workers.

By Irene B. Wrenshall.

WHEN you pick up an article and it is marked, "Made in Germany," you are very much inclined to drop it suddenly, in the face of present events, and let it break if it will. But if you are the reasoning kind you may pick it up again and soberly and seriously consider what it is that has made it possible for so much of everything we have bought up to the present time to be marked thus. Two words solve the problem "Technical Education"

The foundation of all the arts, crafts, sciences, and trades has been given in the schools. In the heart of every Canadian has arisen a keen desire to attain the same place or an even higher place, and with the desire has come a new conception of what is needed in the way of education before the finished products can be turned out with the skill and ease which will send them out far and wide labelled with "Made in Canada

All this line of reasoning impresses the one conclusion, that if we are to take our place as a big manufacturing country, we must learn more and more of the need for technical education, and not the technical education which consists of a few evening classes which will enable the workman to become a more proficient worker, but that every boy who intends later on to become one of the bees in the busy hives of industry may be educated not only along the lines of a practical education which will prove a foundation for his future life, but will give him the taste for good literature—the knowledge of his own and other countries all the details of history, and a clear insight into the problems of mathematics and economics

For many years the practical education of the country from an intermediate standpoint has been given in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes with the result that many and many boys and girls have ceased their education when they left the public school, not because they had received all that was necessary but because the training given in the High School tended more to a preparation for professional life than for the industrial life. But with the last few years there has come a change, and slowly but surely the Technical Schools are coming into their own. Not only are they being conducted as intermediate schools for those who are planning to enter one or other of the trades but as a continuation of the public school education for those who are going into other pursuits.

Of all the Technical Schools of the Dominion, the outstanding one is that which has just moved into the new building on Lippincott Street, Toronto, the foundation stone of which was laid by Sir Robert Borden, two years ago.

In the minds of many Canadians this new and splendidly up to date building can hardly be dissociated from its Principal Dr. A. C. Mackay, for, it might be said, he has lived with the institution and for it for the past three years.

It is like a visit to a busy town, to see the interior of the big building. Every trade and every style of industrial work is not only represented but is carried from theoretical beginning, as taught in class, to its practical carrying out in the last finishing touch.

"The principle of the school," said Dr. Mackay, "is the correlation of industrial work. For instance we have one huge room in which there is ample space for the erection of two moderate sized dwelling houses at one time, one of these to be in course of construction the first year, and in process of decoration the second year, when the second house is being constructed.

"The first step is to decide what kind of a house to plan. This takes in the architectural classes. The second step is the cost, which brings in the classes in estimating. The work of the various trades in erecting the building is then called in which introduces the brick classes—both those for making and laying—the classes in cement, in tile making, gas piping, in plumbing, electric wiring and carpentry work. Then comes the decorating both exterior and interior, bringing with it practical work for the classes in painting, paper hanging, house furnishing, cabinet making, those for the furniture and interior hangings. Here are introduced the women's classes in curtaining windows and doors etc., and all the other things of the household of which the women have control. Ultimately it is intended to hold classes in fine embroidery, as the last finishing touches of the household decoration.

"The building of a house," he concluded, "brings actual life into the classes throughout the school. We are doing nothing by theoretical work alone, everything has to be carried out practically."

And that is the keynote of the whole institution. From the highest art work, down to the simplest job of the trades, practice not theory is the important part of the school work, and the environment is perfect in every detail. There are the art rooms for instance beginning at the tower where the life classes are held. There are four art rooms besides a general art lecture room, a clay modelling and casting room, and a number of rooms devoted to mechanical drawing. Here again the theory is carried out into practice, as the actual machine parts which are being studied are wheeled into the class room from other parts of the building where they are being constructed. The exterior decorative design is not only carried out upon paper, but there are four rooms in which these designs are carried out upon walls and ceilings.

It is no wonder to find in this building of original design where every bit of architecture and every piece of furniture which enriches the rooms, etc., has been originated in the school, many small, but very important ideas which have been evolved by the principal or his assistants. The folding easels in one of the class rooms have one of these original ideas, in the shape of an invention to keep models in a perpendicular position.

There is the casting room, for the modelling; class after class room for architectural and mechanical designing; also a crafts room, where the art pottery, afterwards glazed in the furnace below, and the art jewellry is made.

"We expect to make, right here in the building, every bit of the material which is used in the erection of the school, from the clay to the finished brick, terra cotta, tile, and pottery," said Dr. Mackay.

A great improvement over the old time school desks and seats combined riveted to the floor, is to be found in the various class room where the seats, beautifully made, after an original design, can be moved about at will.

Interest centres around spots like the metallurgical room with its slate tables, where the study so important in a country like Canada can be carried on to perfection; the photographic dark room; the various chemical laboratories, where, instead of the usual unhealthy odor of chemicals permeating the air, great air shafts of copper carry off the chemical odors, and bring back fresh air; and the balance room, where the requisite balances are to be kept. Theory merges into practice here again when one enters the room for applied chemistry and learns that all the soap used in the huge plant where three thousand people come and go, is to be made here.

The class room for the teaching of electro plating is a spot where an important industry receives its foundation training. The foundry and a clay product burning department are further examples of real life in both theory and practice.

On the floor devoted to women's pursuits there is equal interest. Not only are the classes for the instruction of girls who expect to take up various trades such as millinery, dressmaking, and catering, but in education along sensible practical lines that would benefit any girl is given and a special class is held for housekeepers.

One feature which is an important one to life in a city is the teaching of catering, and the running of tea and lunch rooms. The big domestic science kitchens are a revelation in equipment, and a pleasure to look at. Here a point important to the life of the technical school, is brought out. In Toronto, where the electric light and power is so very cheap, more and more are the residents using electricity as a fuel. Taking into consideration this need the kitchens have been supplied with individual electric stoves and their complete management is taught, simultaneously with the best of gas. The refrigerator system is also thoroughly up to date—no ice being brought into requisition.

Perhaps one of the most interesting parts of the building is the department devoted to the demonstration of housekeeping—where four rooms—a dining-room, living room, kitchen, and bedroom are arranged as a home, complete in every detail, with serving pantry and linen closet.

This will prove of inestimable benefit to those girls to whom opportunity has never been given to enjoy the advantages of a well kept home. From the domestic service standpoint also, there will be splendid advantages for those girls who take up housekeeping as a profession to learn it practically and at a high standard. Last year in this connection, in the old school on College Street, a course for these young women was held on three afternoons and one evening a week, and proved most successful.

Laundry work in all its phases is one of the subjects taken up in this school, both from the trade and home point of view, and in this connection comes in a

department which will have perhaps a more lasting effect upon the manners of the boys and girls growing up than any other work which is undertaken in the school. The cleanest of linen is supplied, not only hand towels, which are never used but once, but in tablecloths and serviettes, which are used in the luncheon rooms each day. Delightfully arranged, with every perfection of detail are these lunch rooms, one for the boys and one for the girls, in which meals are served at cost price, —hardly any more than the cost of a couple of car tickets. The pupils are also encouraged to bring their own lunches, and have them in the room where the amenities of life are taken in with the food.

There are many other phases to this splendid institution, lovely in its tones of pale brown and cream, carried out in brick, in tiling, in terra cotta, and beautifully modelled plaster and marble There is the gymnasium for instance, fitted up to perfection, and the tiled swimming pool, since swimming is an essential part of the daily education in the school.

On the floor above this pool are forty individual dressing rooms, and the same number of marble shower baths. As Dr. Mackay will tell you laughingly, "We put them through their swimming exercises just the same as we put them through arithmetic."

The ideal of the school is to have every phase of industrial life represented that the boys and girls while attaining a general education may study out all the trades, and choose his or her own calling instead of dropping into it by accident.

From an artistic standpoint there is beauty in every line of the building from the Assembly Hall, with its beautiful carvings and modelled ceilings and wrought copper, to the marble staircase, and the details of furnishing of each class room.

And the moving spirit of it all has been the Principal, Dr. Mackay, who has given more than his time as a teacher to this project which has his whole heart and soul in it. While he was still a Professor in McMaster, Technical Education was a matter of vital interest to him, and one cannot but lay the chief credit of this splendid building, and this hive of industrial life to him. He has been the inspiration of this great undertaking, which will, it is hoped, be emulated by every city in Canada. A great future lies before us industrially, and it is men with a vision like that of Dr. Mackay whom we need at the head of these intermediate schools so essential to the life of three-quarters of our population.

Truth

By Gouverneur Morris

PART II

And then, slip by slip, and bet by bet, he told his story, withholding only the sex of that dear friend who had loaned him the five thousand dollars, and to whom he had bound himself by promises.

"Well," said Mr. Grey, when David had finished, "I don't know your holding-out powers, Larkin, but you do certainly speak the truth without mincing."

"That," said David, "is a promise I have made to myself in admiration of and emulation of my friend. But I have had my little lesson, and I shall keep the other promises until I have made good."

"And then?" Mr. Grey beamed.

"Then," said David, "I shall smoke, and I shall make love."

"But no liquor."

David laughed.

"I have a secret clause in my pledge," said he; "it is not to touch liquor except on the personal invitation of my future father-in-law, whoever he may be." But he had Dolly Tennant's father in his mind, and the joke seemed good to him.

"Well," said Mr. Grey, "I don't know as I'd go into apple growing. You haven't got enough capital."

"But," said David, "I intend to begin at the bottom and work up."

"When I was a youngster," said Mr. Grey, "I began at the bottom of an apple tree and worked my way to the top. There I found a wasp's nest. Then I fell and broke both arms. That was a lesson to me. Don't go up for your pile, my boy. Go down. Go down into the beautiful earth, and take out the precious metals."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed David; "you're *the* Mr. Grey, of Vancouver."

"I have a car hitched on to this train," said the magnate; "I'd be very glad of your company at dinner—seven-thirty. It's not every young man that I'd invite. But seeing that you're under bond not to make love until you've made good, I can see no objection to introducing you to my granddaughter."

"Grandpa," said Miss Violet Grey, who was sixteen, spoiled, and exquisite, "make that poor boy stop off at Vancouver, and do something for him."

"Since when," said her grandfather, "have you been so down on apples, miss?"

"Oh," said she with an approving shudder, "all good women fear them—like so much poison."

"But," said Mr. Grey (Mr. "Iron Grey," some called him), "if I take this young fellow up, it won't be to put him down in a drawing-room, but in a hole a thousand feet deep, or thereabouts."

"And when he comes out," said she, "I shall have returned from being finished in Europe."

"Don't know what there is so attractive about these young Eastern ne'er-do-weels," said the old gentleman, "but this one has got a certain something. . . ."

"It's his inimitable truthfulness," said she.

"Not to me," said her grandfather, "so much as the way he says *w* instead of *r* and at the same time gives the impression of having the makings of a man in him. . . ."

"Oh," she said, "make him, grandpa, do!"

"And if I make him?" The old gentleman smiled provokingly.

"Why," said she, "then I'll break him."

"Or," said her grandfather, who was used to her sudden fancies and subsequent disenchantments, "or else you'll shake him."

Then he pulled her ears for her, and sent her to bed

In one matter David was, from the beginning of his new career, firmly resolved. He would in no case write Miss Tennant of his hopes and fears If he was to be promoted she was not to hear of it until after the fact; and she should not be troubled with the sordid details of his savings-bank account. As to fears, very great at first, these dwindled, became atrophied, and

were consumed in the fire of work from the moment when that work changed from a daily nuisance to a daily miracle, at once the exercise and the reward of intelligence. His work, really light at first, seemed stupendous to him because he did not understand it. As his understanding grew, he was given heavier work, and behold! it seemed more light. He discovered that great books had been written upon every phase of bringing forth metal from the great mother earth; and he snatched from long days of toil time for more toil, and burned his lamp into the night, so that he might add theory to practice.

I should like to say that David's swift upward career owed thanks entirely to his own good habits, newly discovered gifts for mining engineering, and industry; but a strict regard for the truth prevents. Upon his own resources and talents he must have succeeded in the end; but his success was the swifter for the interest, and presently affection, that Uriah Grey himself contributed toward it. In short, David's chances came to him as soon as he was strong enough to handle them: and were even created on purpose for him; whereas if he had had no one behind him, he must have had to wait interminably for them. But the main point, of course, is that, as soon as he began to understand what was required of him, he began to make good.

His field work ended about the time that Miss Violet Grey returned from Europe "completely finished and done up," as she put it herself, and he became a fixture of growing importance in Mr. Grey's main offices in Vancouver, and a thrill in Vancouver society. His baby w's instead of rolling r's thrilled the ladies; his good habits coupled with his manliness and success thrilled the men.

"He doesn't drink," said one.

"He doesn't smoke," said another.

"He doesn't bet," said a third.

"He can look the saints in the face," said a fourth; and a fifth, looking up thumped upon a bell that would summon a waiter, and with emphasis said:

"And we *like* to have him around!"

Among the youngest and most enthusiastic men it even became the habit to copy David in certain things. He was responsible for a small wave of reform in Vanvouver, as he had once been in Aiken; but for the opposite cause. Little dialogues like the following might frequently be heard in the clubs:

"Have a drink, Billy?"

"Thanks. I don't drink."

"Cigar, Sam?"

"Thanks: (with a moan), don't smoke."

"Betcherfivedollars, Ned."

"Sorry, old man, I don't bet."

Or, in a lowered voice:

"Say, let's drop round to——"

"I've (chillingly) cut out all that sort of thing."

Platonic friendships became the rage. David himself, as leader, maintained a dozen such; chiefest of which was with the newly finished Miss Grey. At first her very soul revolted against a friendship of this sort. She was lovely, and she knew it; with lovely clothes she made herself even lovelier, and she knew this, too. She was young, and she rejoiced in it. And she had always been a spoiled darling, and she wished to be made much of, to cause a dozen hearts to beat in the breast where but one beat before, to be followed, waited on, adored, bowed down to, and worshiped. She wished yellow flowering jealousy to sprout in David's heart instead of the calm and loyal friendliness to which alone the soil seemed adapted. She knew that he often wrote letters to a Miss Tennant; and she would have liked very much to have this Miss Tennant in her power, and to have scalped her there and then.

This was only at first, when she merely fancied David rather more than other young men. But a time came when her fancy was stronger for him than that; and then it seemed to her that even his platonic friendship was worth more than all the great passions of history rolled into one. Then from the character of that spoiled young lady were wiped clean away, as the sponge wipes marks from a slate, vanity, whims, temper, tantrums, thoughtlessness, and arrogance, and in their places appeared the opposites. She sought out hard spots in people's lives and made them soft; sympathy and gentleness radiated from her; thoughtfulness and steadfastness

Her grandfather, who had been reading Ibsen, remarked to himself: "It may be artistically and dramatically inexcusable for the ingenue suddenly to become the heroine——but *I* like it. As to the cause—" and the old gentleman rested in his deep chair till far in the night, twiddling his thumbs and thinking long thoughts. Finally, frowning and troubled, he rose and went off to his bed.

"Is it," thought he, "because he gave his word not to make love until he had made good—or is it because he really doesn't give a damn about poor little Vi? If it's the first reason, why he's absolved from that promise, because he has made good, and every day he's making better. But if it's the second reason, why then this world is a wicked, dreary place. Poor little Vi— poor little Vi . . . only two things in the whole universe that she can't get—the moon and David—the moon and David——"

About noon the next day David requested speech with his chief.

"Well," said Uriah. The old man looked worn and feeble. He had had a sorrowful night.

"I haven't had a vacation in a year," said David. "Will you give me three weeks, sir?"

"Want to go back East and pay off your obligations?"

David nodded.

"I have the money and interest in hand," said he.

Mr. Grey smiled.

"I suppose you'll come back smoking like a chimney, drinking like a fish, betting like a bookmaker, and keeping a whole chorus in picture hats."

"I think I'll not even smoke," said David. "About a month ago the last traces of hankering left me, and I feel like a free man at last."

"But you'll be making love right and left," said Mr. Grey cheerfully, but with a shrewd eye upon the young man's expression of face.

David looked grave and troubled. He appeared to be turning over difficult matters in his mind. Then he turned gayly.

"At least I shall be free to make love if I want to."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Grey. "People don't make love because they want to. They do it because they have to."

Again David looked troubled, and a little sad, perhaps.

"True," said he. And he walked meditatively back to his own desk, took up a pen, meditated for a long time, and then wrote:

"Best friend that any man ever had in the world! I shall be in Aiken on the twenty-fifth, bringing with me that which I owe and can pay, and shall be conscious of that deeper debt that I owe, but never can hope to pay. But I will do what I can. I will not now take back the promises I gave, unless you wish; I will not do anything that you do not wish. And if all the service and devotion that is in me for the rest of time seem worth having to you, they are yours. But you know that.

David"

This, looking white, tired, and austere, he reread, folded, enveloped, stamped, sealed, and addressed to Miss Tennant.

Neither the hand which Miss Tennant laid on his, nor the cigarette which she lighted for him, completely mollified Mr. Billy McAllen. He was no longer young enough to dance with pleasure to a maiden's whims. His experience of dancing over the deep ocean and back, and up and down Europe and back with the late Mrs

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The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl, a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a blueish green streak under the ear which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this" displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture has been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium, but says she fears the police. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man comes to her and asks her "What was Irene Fournier to you?" While in the next room Gwendolyn explains the trick—the use of an iridium mirror—the man, who turns out to be the medium's husband, has an opportunity to talk with his wife. A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house because their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, assisted in producing a telling materialization but was unable to induce the client to return. Irene then disappeared, while the husband was away from home. The medium concludes with the words, 'I killed her' which Richards accepts but Jeffrey will not believe. A week later the lieutenant turns up, asking the latter's help since the medium has escaped, and tells Jeffrey he has been to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. On the way up in the boat he passed a sleepless night owing to a seemingly crazy woman and her nurse in the next stateroom. Arrived at his destination a stage driver told him of Claire Meredith's mother, a Normandy peasant girl who was cut by her husband's family and died as a result of it. Claire was brought up under the iron rule of her aunt. Jeffrey had poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut, had investigated the interior wherein the rope led from the boat into the river and then severed the line. He had afterward rung the bell at Beech Hill, met Miss Meredith, a strangely fascinating lady who told him she had been waiting to see him at dinner, but Dr Crow had made him out a hermit. Having invited him to lunch Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby moon which had awakened him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembers the crazy voice which repeated over and over, 'She's dead—she killed her with a pin.' While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office late at night the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr Crow enters, tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith his opinion that she was insane, and his treatment of her, which included substituting a clear print for a pin-pricked photo of Claire which his patient had taken for the purpose of the Seven witnesses. Claire's death by smallpox had caused her aunt to believe herself responsible and had unhinged her mind, but the new photo made her think it all a dream. Then the spiritualists got hold of her and upset everything. Crow finishes his narration just before he leaves his face changes suddenly. Jeffrey tells Drew that, 'Crow has seen it,' and that to-night the two **conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary. Gwendolyn and Jack come with them.**

CHAPTER XV (Continued.)

"He had them in his card-case. He dropped one of them on the rug in the studio and came back and tried to get it. Those were Claire's earrings. How did Dr. Crow get them?"

"That seems natural enough," said I. "Miss Meredith brought them home with her. Very likely they were in the same box with the defaced photograph."

"Then you'll have to believe it was a ghost that Mr. Jeffrey saw on the bridge."

"I don't know," said I. "That girl might have been Irene."

"But the earrings!" she cried. "That's where Mr. Jeffrey saw them. That girl was wearing them."

Well, I saw it at last. Not the way Jeffrey did. I couldn't hope for that. It was even probable that Gwendolyn herself, getting the story at second-hand from me, saw more than I did. But I saw enough to explain our night's journey through the velvet dark—enough to give that silent house of Beech Hill that I had never seen, a strange, eerie attraction

I felt, somehow, that in that house to-night, the mystery would be solved.

Suddenly, through the glass, I saw Jeffrey turn to the chauffeur with a quick order. The car checked its speed. We were on a brick-paved main street of a small town, and the pasty surface didn't accommodate itself well to the sudden checking of our speed. The car did a sweeping side slip down against the curb and stopped on the intersection of a cross street. Half a block down, I could see the lights of a lunch-wagon.

Jeffrey reached back and opened the door. "Aren't you people getting hungry in there?" he said. "I am."

None of us had thought of it before, but the realization of it came to us all at once.

"I'll go down to that lunch-wagon," I volunteered, "and get a dozen red-hots, then we can eat them as we ride."

"That's a good notion," said Jeffrey approvingly.

I slipped from the car and made my way up the dimly lighted cross street. Half-way to my destination, I passed a man and a woman coming from the direction in which I was bound. I had my hat low down over my eyes and paid no attention to them until just as they passed me. Then I heard him say to her:

"They'll do until we can get a more civilized meal," and I remembered having observed that he had a paper bag in his hand.

Something about the urbane quality of his voice made me turn and look after them. Their appearance, as they blurred into the darkness of that dimly lighted street, confirmed the impression that his voice had made—that they weren't, any more than we, inhabitants of this village.

My principal feeling, though, was one of irritation. I had Dr. Crow so strongly in my thoughts that the very last glimpse I got of them as they whirled past us in their car, stamped his unforgettable features on my memory. And the woman beside him took on the eerie outlines of the dead Claire Meredith! It was a delusion of course. But it seemed shockingly real.

I went on to the lunch-wagon, made my purchase, and got back to the car. Jeffrey was slouched down in his seat, his cap over his eyes, his head sunk forward on his chest. He paid no attention to my arrival. Indeed, it seemed as if he had fallen asleep.

He aroused with a start when I touched him.

"Here you are," said I.

Even then he looked at me blankly for a second, then rose rather stiffly and climbed back into the interior of the car with the rest of us.

"We may as well eat standing still," said he. "It's lots pleasanter."

Then I saw that Gwendolyn was eying him curiously.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HOUSEBREAKERS.

We were standing on what felt like the roadway, Jeffrey and I. A mile down the road we could just distinguish the purr of Jack's limousine. I used the last glimpse of its headlights as it swung around in the road for a look at my watch. It was a quarter to two in the morning.

We remained where we were without moving a muscle until it was out of hearing. Hearing and touch were the only senses that gave us any contact with realty at all, for the night was completely dark. The sky must have been very thickly overcast, for there wasn't light enough overhead to show the profile of the tree-tops. It was still, too. There wasn't a breath of wind, and there were none of the country noises that ordinarily fill the ear at night.

We were, as nearly as Jeffrey had been able to guess, half a mile from the main entrance to Beech Hill estate.

Jeffrey laid a hand on my arm. "This way," he whispered.

What sense of direction it was that enabled him to keep the road I don't know. Perhaps he could feel the ruts with his feet accurately enough to give him the direction.

Left to myself I'd have been lost in three minutes. But Jeffrey moved along as confidently as if it had been broad daylight. It's perfectly impossible to judge the flight of time under such conditions, and I don't know how far we had been walking when he suddenly checked me with a clutch on my arm. I could feel him standing as rigid as a setter-dog making a point.

I strained my ears, but could hear nothing except the rise and fall of my own breathing.

"What is it? I whispered. "I can't hear anything."

He didn't answer, but I heard him drawing in a deep breath through his nose. Then I realized that he had heard nothing himself. It was his sense of smell that had warned him, and that realization made me shiver somehow.

Very cautiously he led me over to the right across the ditch and up on the other side, where there was a springy, soggy turf. Once there we started forward again, but much more slowly and with infinite precaution against noise. Fifty paces along I got the same warning that had checked Jeffrey earlier. There was something homelike about it, though—something that took off the horror of the thing. It was the smell of tobacco. Some one there in the dark was smoking a pipe. A faint puff of air blew on the left side of our faces and carried off the pipe smoke with it. The smoker then was somewhere ahead of us.

Jeffrey's arm steadied me again and once more we moved forward, still more slowly, planting each foot with the utmost care, moving absolutely without a sound.

The bank where we were walking seemed to be considerably higher than the road. At least we had started to get to the top of it and I was conscious of having walked down again.

The pipe smell grew stronger and presently I heard a sound like the deep regular breathing of some one asleep. There must be two of them then because the smoker was keeping his pipe lighted.

I was walking at Jeffrey's left, that is to say, at the edge of the bank nearest the road. Suddenly my left hand touched something, and in my surprise I lost my balance a little and my weight came down on it rather heavily. It isn't easy to keep your balance walking slowly in the dark.

The thing gave a little under my weight, and yet it resisted stoutly. It felt like stretched leather and the surface of it was gritty with dust. In a second I knew what it was—the extended top of a carriage or automobile.

A stronger whiff of tobacco came up just then and I felt the thing move a little under my hand and heard the faint creak of leather cushions. The smoker was in the vehicle there just below me and he had stirred a little. Possibly the touch of my hand had roused him.

I had no way of warning Jeffrey but apparently he didn't need it. There were ten seconds, I believe, when no bronze statue could have stood stiller than we did. Then, a step at a time, we moved on again.

A little further along we slipped down into the road once more and walked on again a little more freely. Presently Jeffrey stopped, took my hand and guided it out past his body until it touched a surface of rough stone.

"The gates," he whispered.

Then we walked on rather briskly and apparently with no fear whatever of discovery.

"We're in luck so far," said Jeffrey.

I told him of my adventure—of the thing my hand had touched there in the dark.

"It was a carriage or an automobile, I think," said I.

"An automobile," said Jeffrey. "Couldn't you smell it?"

"What's it doing there, do you sup-

pose ?" I asked. "What are the people in it doing ?"

"Watching the place," said Jeffrey. "Seeing to it that no one goes in or out without their knowing it."

"But who'd be watching ? And who are they watching for ?"

"I don't know," said Jeffrey. "We shall probably find out before we're through."

"It seems a strange place to set a watch," I observed. "There must be a dozen other ways of getting into and out of this place without going through the main gate."

"There's one other way," said Jeffrey. "One other practical way, and that's in a boat. This place is a peninsula, with a very narrow neck, and the wall across the neck is much too high to climb without a scaling-hook, so the gate's a pretty good place to set a watch. If there's another watch on the boat-house landing, as I suspect there is, then the job is pretty well covered."

"I'd like to know then," said I, a little anxiously, "how we're going to get away ourselves."

"We got in, didn't we ?" said Jeffrey. "And nobody knows we're here. That, with a little decent luck, is handicap enough in our favor."

Somehow the presence of watchers at the gate seemed to have relieved Jeffrey of all concern about them, now we were inside. We walked briskly at a pace I'd never dared have taken in the dark but for the compelling touch of his hand on my arm. And if we said nothing it seemed more because Jeffrey didn't want to talk than because he was afraid to. The drive was perfectly surfaced, so there was nothing to stumble on, but sometimes we went up hill and sometimes down. How Jeffrey followed the curves in the drive I couldn't understand at all, unless the lateral inclination of the roadway from crown to curve gave clue enough to that wonderful tactile sense of his.

At last, as we reached the top of a little rise, a flicker of lightning in the clouds ahead of us silhouetted the house. It wasn't more than a hundred yards away.

Jeffrey immediately left the road and struck out to the left. The lightning shimmered again and then again, more brightly each time, and it gave us the general direction of the house as we quartered around it in the arc of a circle. But as to what was immediately under our feet, flower-beds, terraces, tangles of untouched wilderness, Jeffrey could have no guide but his memory.

But suddenly, as we rounded the corner of a projecting wing, we both stopped short. There was a light in one of the second-story windows. To me that seemed final. Entering an empty house, to say nothing of one whose occupants were all sound asleep, seemed a reckless enough proceeding for any one to contemplate. In the face of the warning the square of light from that window gave us there seemed nothing to do but count our expedition a dead loss and make the best of our way back to Oldborough.

"Wait a minute!" said Jeffrey. He walked swiftly away toward another building—a one-storied, concrete affair that looked like a garage.

I saw him crouch down on the slope that led up to its great door and explore the surface with his hands. Then he came back—not straight toward me, but at an angle, toward the corner of the house itself. He nodded to me to come along, too, and when we had reached the place he indicated I saw that we were standing beneath an open window. It was some distance from the lighted one.

"Give me a leg up," he whispered; "then I can pull you in after me."

"You don't mean—" I gasped. "You don't mean to go in — with that light there ?"

"Yes, I'm going in," he said quietly, "and I warn you it will be dull waiting and mighty interesting inside. You had better come along, too."

"All right," said I. "I told you I was game, and I meant it. But I didn't bargain for this."

There was light enough to see him smile. "This is nothing to what we'll be up against before we get through," he said. "Come along."

He put his foot on my bent knee, and with a quick, catlike spring was poised on the window-ledge. Then he reached down a strong hand and hauled me up after him. There wasn't a tremor in that hand. It was as steady as if he had been painting a portrait in his studio.

Illogically enough, when we had scrambled over the sill and dropped down lightly inside, my first sensation was one of disappointment. I had made up my mind to something thrilling and dangerous, committed myself by one decisive action to Jeffrey's reckless course, and now wanted a run for my money.

I think you will agree that I got it

THE WOMAN BESIDE HIM TOOK ON THE EERIE OUTLINES OF THE DEAD CLAIRE MEREDITH

Continued on page 368.

George R. Geary

Continued from page 356

elf himself first for trustee for the Public School Board. He headed the poll. The following year he was an aldermanic candidate and was elected. He repeated in 1905-6-7. Once more he set a new standard by getting the largest vote ever recorded for an aldermanic candidate in the City of Toronto. During his term of office he became chairman of the Board of Works. He was signally successful there. In 1907 he was appointed counsel for the Ontario Government in the insurance investigation. In 1910 he was elected mayor and was re-elected 1911 and acclaimed mayor in 1912.

Towards the end of 1912 Harry Drayton—now Sir Harry—vacated the office of corporation counsel for the City of Toronto, and Geary got it. He still has it.

The outstanding thing about "Reg." Geary is his real democracy. He is never anything other than a democrat. That's one point of resemblance between him and President Wilson. Geary was mayor of Toronto, but that was no reason why he should not enjoy a lunch with the navvies who were on the city's construction work. He may have been first citizen of one of the biggest cities of the Empire, but that was not inconsistent with an entire lack of all the airs and graces that belong to the type we have learned to call the Jack-in-Office.

This is borne out by a story they tell of him when the Duke visited Toronto. The Duke and his suite were—to quote Artemus Ward—"Got up regardless." Plug hats and morning coats were au fait. But Geary appeared in a sack suit and a comfortable, well-worn soft hat—to say nothing of the tan shoes. Yet Geary has a proper sense of the importance of things. When he represented Toronto at the Coronation he was immaculately garbed. A month later he was back in Canada sitting on a fence watching a whippet race, probably wearing the same well-worn soft hat that I referred to.

Geary, too, is tact personified, and yet it is not the tact of suavity. It is rather of the strong, weighty quietness and self-control which at once makes itself felt. For instance, a man ran up against him in the corridor of the city hall when he was mayor. A position was vacant and the man wanted it. He told Geary so. Geary shook his head.

"Why not," burst out the man.

"I have looked into it and I don't think you are suitable," answered Geary.

The man flew into a tantrum at once; swore that he would get all his friends to vote against Geary at the next election.

The mayor smiled quietly. All this time his hand had been resting on the applicant's shoulder. "All right," he said, "we will let it go at that."

Geary will make a good soldier. He is the sort of stuff that does make good soldiers. Somewhere hidden in him there is the essence of the man who is spoiling for a fight. You have only to look at his face to see that. There you might find the index to the strength of President Wilson and vice versa—save the moustache. There is the same penetrating glance, the same combative, almost pugnacious nose, and yet the same relieving gayety which plays around the mouth. Nobody ever said that a corporation counsel must be a dull dog, and Geary—like the President—loves a joke. Masterfulness, however, is the dominant note. A study of Geary's features will show you the man of purpose.

There is a good deal of the bull-dog about the man, and the army needs such. Geary has laid aside his stuff gown for the present and donned khaki. He feels the necessity of serving the Empire and if up to now the tongue with him has been mightier than the sword, he is willing to prove the opposite true and is going to the front to do his bit.

Poet of the Prairies

Continued from page 357.

Standard was right when it said—"lines like these will live and explain to those who never saw the country what life on the prairie really meant. Such is the power of divine poetry." This book was a considerable success, it passed through four editions and was favorably reviewed by over two hundred representative publications. The principal elements which have won distinction for it are an easy style, a strong patriotic appeal, a strong portrayal of those influences that peculiarly belong to pioneer prairie life. This was followed by "Prairie Born," in 1911 and also a collection of his poems under the title "Songs of the Prairie." These had a large sale and the book was taken up by publishers on both sides of the Atlantic.

"Hustlin' in My Jeans," and "The Early Days", tell all too vividly of the hardships of the early settlers, but they also show a good will, comradeship, and willingness to lend a helping hand that prevailed among them, and the "Wild Goose Overhead," shows his infinite trust in God above. "Little Three Year Old" was composed from thoughts that were his own when his own boy of that age then an only child lay for weeks at the point of death. He is now a boy of ten years and between them such a comradeship has sprung up as was only equalled by that between himself and his father. Mr. Stead has done much in these Prairie poems to build up the best spirit of the Canadian West. It is true there is more in Canada than muscle and Rocky Mountains, and no one has contributed more than Mr. Stead to the real national spirit of which the free, open, and fruitful prairie is such a convincing illustration.

Mr. Stead has recently entered the field of novel writers with a tale of Western Canada entitled "The Bail Jumper," which was published in England in June and in Canada in September. In the first chapter of this fascinating tale one is immediately interested, almost impelled, by the straightforward honest conduct of the story. You would know that the writer had a high philosophy of human life. The young man in the story who comes west to be a clerk becomes a favorite among the pioneer people of the town and district. He meets his "twin soul," but his love sentiments receive a check when he becomes mysteriously involved in stealing his employer's money. In the meantime he goes away and works on a farm and the rumor goes as rumors will fly, that he has "jumped" his bail. Through much tribulation he arrives back in time, but just in time, and it is disclosed that it is a case of persecution by an unsuccessful rival who wanted to disgrace him and win the girl. The story is well worth reading. It is healthy, sound and inspiring, a strong story of everyday life in the West presented in a popular and attractive way.

It is interesting to note, in these times when it might be supposed that the press of the Empire is too full of war news to give much attention to literary matters, that the Calgary author's first novel has attracted wide attention, not only in Canada and Great Britain, but in the outlying quarters of the Empire. Perhaps this is another indication of our growing imperial unity, but the writer was surprised and impressed when she recently had an opportunity to look over the list of papers which have reviewed Mr Stead's novel within the last few months. The list included not only such well known old country papers as the Times, the Edinburgh Scotsman, the London Globe, the London Postman, the Dundee Advertiser, the London Observer, the Yorkshire Observer, the London Citizen, the Pall Mall Gazette, Field, Everyman, and other prominent British publications, but also included the Advertiser, Natal South Africa.

How to Increase Your Living Power, Health Promoting Power, Mind Power, Will Power and Pleasure Obtaining Power To An Unusual Degree Without Inconvenience Apparatus, Drugs, Loss of Time or Study Through Conscious Evolution

A GREAT, PRACTICAL AND USEFUL PHILOSOPHY

The Story of "Conscious Evolution" and Its Discoverer

By DONALD RICHARDSON

THE simple fact that the human body is built up of billions of cells, all resulting from the evolution of one original cell, is in itself interesting, but little more to the average person. The further declaration that health, life and pleasures of the body depend upon the condition of each individual cell compels notice.

When however, along comes an individual who combines intimate scientific knowledge of the human cell with the discovery of the means to insure its health and develop unusual energy and potency—who by reason of study, experience and a certain genius, shows us how without inconvenience, apparatus, drugs, study or loss of time we can put unusual health and uncommon life [illegible] and do this in a very [illegible] natural, easy and practical way—then we [illegible]

A Great Secret of Life

This is the marvelous secret uncovered in a wonderful little book by Swoboda, a great pioneer in the realm of physiological science. Some day the complete history of "Conscious Evolution" and its discoverer will be recorded with all its immense significance and far reaching ramifications. This brief article can only sketch the rough outlines.

The story of Alois P. Swoboda is one of the romances of human history. As the discoverer of the origin and nature of the laws governing "conscious energy" and of a scientific system for applying those laws in a manner that has operated successfully in over two hundred [illegible] cases, Swoboda occupies a peculiar niche in earth's hall of fame. He did not merely write a great book, paint a great picture, invent some useful device, or win some particular battle. His fame is built on a far more substantial foundation. He is the wizard of the human [illegible]. He is the apostle of the greater, the [illegible]. Swoboda not only re-creates men and [illegible] them more power [illegible] and [illegible] than ever before. He [illegible] a [illegible] of conscious development. The [illegible] of [illegible] clients—is a most convincing example of the effectiveness of his methods. He has revolutionized the methods of energizing the body and mind.

The Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution Based on a Knowledge of all Sciences

Swoboda fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. He discourses with learned fluency on the science of "Conscious Evolution," which embraces all other sciences, entering with equal ease and facility on any phase of this all-important subject. Start him on his particular specialty—the development of human powers—and he pours out a veritable flood of illuminating exposition. Earnest and vehement, he rises to eloquence as he unfolds in his masterful manner the magnificent possibilities of man under the guidance of "conscious energy." You are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the [illegible] system of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed person the best proof of the correctness of his theories and of the success of his "Conscious Evolution."

The Aim of Conscious Evolution is Better Minds, Better Bodies, Better Health and More Intense Pleasures

Mr. Swoboda must not be classed with ordinary physiologists, physicians, faddists or with those whose aim is merely the development of muscle. Neither his philosophy nor his science is confined to such narrow limits. Swoboda's plan comprehends the complete development of the human being,—increase of internal force, more body power, more brain power, mind power, and, in fact, greater capacity to live and enjoy in every way. He is primarily interested in those influences which make for a fuller and more potent life.

One cannot remain long in the presence of Swoboda without realizing that he is mentally and physically a superman. He makes you feel that you are only partially well, and vigorous and ambitious, only partially developed, that, in short, you are only half as alive as you must be if you wish to enjoy to the full the benefits of living,—that you are leading an inferior life. No one can read his book without becoming conscious of his wonderful power and personality.

Swoboda is a Man Who is Centuries in Advance of His Time

His discovery of conscious evolution is itself of epochal importance. But its scientific and successful application is more wonderful still.

The feat of Franklin in drawing the electric spark from the clouds was a wonder of the time. Yet it took a hundred years to master the secret of that electric spark and harness the giant force of electricity to the uses of mankind. Swoboda not only discovered the marvelous secret and principle of Conscious Evolution, but applies it to individuals with results that are incalculable. Swoboda might, indeed, be called a specialist for the human race.

A single electric spark is of little importance. But intensify that spark and multiply it a billionfold, and you have the power, the heat and the dazzling lights of a great city. So with our cells, says Swoboda. Quicken one, and it makes little difference. But energize and intensify them all, and you have a "live-wire" human being, with mental and physical potency plus!—the Swoboda kind of body and mind.

What would happen to a business man who allowed half of his workmen to idle away at their machines, not only losing their own time and effort but interfering with the producing power of the rest of the force? Yet that is exactly what the average human being does with the workers in his physiological factory. You have a most ingenious pleasure and power producing machine in your possession—the machine that means health or weakness, pleasure, happiness, success, or failure, and yet, you allow it to practically run itself or erroneously believe that when this machine is ready to completely crumble that some physician possesses the magic power of restoring your health and life through the use of a drug. Far from securing health and pleasure, however, this resort to and belief in extraneous assistance, really encourages physical and mental decay, because it weakens by non-use and neglect, the body's natural resources, power and means of recuperation.

The Human Body is a "War Machine"

The commander who goes into battle with an [illegible] army [illegible] into the [illegible] his organizing forces far [illegible] The great bulk of us are hardly drawing on our tremendous stores of energy and vitality. We are letting our cells grow stale and sluggish. Our human machine should be running in perfect condition in order that we may get the most out of it—before we can enjoy its full powers in complete and rounded fashion. Strengthen the vitality of these cells and you not only make the body more alive but the brain more susceptible to new ideas from without, as well as greatly increase its own power to generate ideas. Many a man is getting a great deal of pleasure out of his mind but nothing out of his body.

Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth died with him. Your fountain of youth will die with you. Each man's fountain of youth is within himself. Through Conscious Evolution only can you drink to the full of the fountain of youth.

Swoboda demonstrates that no matter how old we may be we can through the conscious use of the principles of Evolution make ourselves full-powered dynamos with every part and wheel and power-belt thoroughly in trim, working smoothly and at maximum capacity,—100 per cent. efficient.

If you believe you have developed to the highest degree your vitality, energy and powers of living and enjoying, you are, according to the Swoboda Standard, indeed mistaken. Conscious Evolution can lead you to a new and even greater realization of health, energy and pleasure.

More power, energy and life are the needs and will be the salvation of the present generation. The problem has always been how to get them. Eagerly we try each solution offered, swarming like the Athenians after every new thing. And yet the means lie right within us, as Swoboda clearly demonstrates.

Conscious Evolution is an antidote to old age in its every form and variety of conditions. It scientifically reduces excessive blood pressure, restores elasticity to arteries and turns the dial of physiological time in the direction of youth, efficiency, vitality and greater pleasure.

No one who is energized through Conscious Evolution will be subject to indigestion, bowel sluggishness, nervous exhaustion, brain fag, sleeplessness, nervousness, or any functional difficulty of any character.

Swoboda Has Written a Wonderful Little Book

This book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. It makes clear Swoboda's new theory of the mind and body. It startles, educates and enlightens. It tells how the cells build the body and how to organize them beyond the point where nature left off, for each one of us. It will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course, the information which it imparts cannot be duplicated elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities through conscious evolution of the cells; it explains Swoboda's discoveries and what they are doing for thousands of men and women of every age and condition. It tells of the Dangers and after-effects of Exercise, and Conscious Deep Breathing. Swoboda's book shows how any one may possess unusual health and vitality.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind and for showing you how you may be able to attain greater pleasure and in every way a superior life.

Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles of evolution, which Swoboda discovered. It will open new avenues through which you may become successful, in satisfying your most intense desires. It is not a dry treatise on physiology; on the contrary, it tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you need to know, about the body and mind and the laws of their evolution.

Do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity to obtain a copy of this book while it is free. Address Alois P. Swoboda, 1330 Aeolian Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

Since writing the above the writer has met a man who said: "Although I have been a close student of the body and mind all my life, and am a writer on the subject, Mr. Swoboda's book gave me a deeper conception of the body and mind than I have attained from years of study. Intellectual men and women must find his book of great interest. His theory of the body and mind was entirely new to me, and I believe that he is right."

A Supper Story For the Boy

Some night when the boy is eating his dish of Puffed Wheat in milk, tell him this story about it.

Each grain of that wheat contains 100 million food cells, made up of many kinds.

Each food cell is a globule which must be broken to digest. That's why we cook or bake it. Raw wheat would not do. But, until late years, no process was known which would break up all those food cells.

Prof. Anderson's Discovery.

Prof. Anderson found that each food cell held moisture. He conceived the idea of converting that moisture to steam.

To do this he sealed up the grains in guns. Then he revolved those guns for one hour in a fearful heat. Then he shot the guns and the steam in each food cell exploded, blasting the cell to pieces.

Think of it—a hundred million steam explosions occur in every Puffed Grain. That's what puffs them into bubbles, eight times normal size. And that's how whole grains are made wholly digestible, so every atom feeds.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
EXCEPT IN EXTREME WEST

The same story applies to Puffed Rice.

Tell it to children, boys or girls. 'Twill increase their respect for grain foods, which are better for them than meat. And for Puffed Wheat and Rice, the best forms of grain food.

These delightful morsels are scientific foods. They seem like bonbons—flaky, toasted, almond-flavored bubbles. But there's vaster reason for them than enticing taste.

Not all grains can be puffed. But those that can be should be largely served in this hygienic form.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. Sole Makers **Saskatoon, Sask.**

(1072)

Jade Earring

Continued from page 365

in the end, but just at first the adventure seemed to be flattening out into something very tame. We didn't hear a sound. Our entrance had apparently disturbed no one. We were at the end of a bare, rather uninteresting-looking corridor. At the other end of it—about forty feet away—was the door leading, if I had kept my sense of direction straight, into the wing where the light was.

The bright circle from Jeffrey's electric torch flashed on that only a second, then wheeled to the left and revealed a narrow stairway, leading straight up away from us to the floor above. Half-way down the corridor, on the right, was an opening which, apparently, led off at right angles. Just at the foot of the stairway, on the left side of the corridor, was a door. Jeffrey flashed his torch again to the right of where we were standing and revealed another corridor parallel to the one which occurred further down.

Jeffrey didn't keep his light on more than five seconds altogether. Then, seeming to have seen enough to satisfy him, he switched it out, gave me a hand to guide me, and walked straight ahead to the stairway.

I confess I didn't like going upstairs. As long as we had an open window there, that could be [illegible] with a rush and tumbled out of without serious risk of injury, it wasn't so bad. But up-stairs!

It was on the second story that the light was. The stairs were old, too, and it seemed to me they creaked horribly. However, we reached the second floor without misadventure and found, in the momentary glimpse that Jeffrey's torch afforded us, what seemed to be the same arrangement of corridors as on the floor below.

The moment Jeffrey switched off the torch he directed my attention to a thin thread of light that was coming out from under the door at the end of the corridor. He gave a little grunt of satisfaction, but, to my relief, immediately led me away from it, back along the corridor to the point above the window where we had got in and then off to the left. At the end of ten paces he stopped me in front of a door. A flicker of lightning outside revealed that much. It also revealed that Jeffrey had his ear against the door panel.

We stood there perfectly still for what seemed a long time to me, probably not more than twenty seconds. Then, perfectly calmly, Jeffrey opened the door and went in.

It was a big, rather nobly propor-

All Outdoor Persons And Especially Soldiers Appreciate The

Waltham Military Watch

"Design Reg'd"

This splendid wrist watch has its own armor plate which protects and partially covers the crystal. It is very substantial and has a solid back case with two bezels rendering it weather proof. Many gallant Canadian soldiers are now wearing this watch. Ask to see it at your jewelers. It is supplied in 7 Jewel grade at $12, and 15 Jewel grade at $15.

We can also now supply wrist watches (full open face style) with luminous dials and hands. With these watches you can easily read the time in pitch darkness.

FOR NURSES. We are offering a special nurses' watch with an extra large seconds dial, an advantage every nurse will recognize.

Our free booklet would interest you. Please send for it.

Waltham Watch Company

Canada Life Bldg., St. James St., Montreal

Wonderful New Coal Oil Light

Burns Vapor Saves Oil

Beats Electric or Gasoline

10-Days FREE TRIAL

Send No Money, We Prepay Charges

We don't ask you to pay us *a cent* until you have used this wonderful modern light in your own home ten days—we even prepay transportation charges. You may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied after putting it to every possible test for 10 nights. You can't possibly lose a cent. We want to prove to you that it makes an ordinary oil lamp look like a candle, beats electric, gasoline or acetylene. Lights and is put out like old oil lamp. Tests at 33 leading Universities and Government Bureau of Standards show that it

Burns 70 Hours on 1 Gallon

common coal oil, and gives more than twice as much light as the best round wick open flame lamps. No odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, no pressure, won't explode. Children run it. Several million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Guaranteed.

$1000.00 Will Be Given

to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new *Aladdin* (details of offer given in our circular.) Would we dare make such a challenge if there were the slightest doubt as to the merits of the *Aladdin?*

Men Make $50 to $300.00 per Month With Rigs or Autos Delivering the ALADDIN on our easy plan. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home and small town home will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes "I sold 61 lamps the first seven days." Another says, "I disposed of 36 lamps out of 38 calls." Thousands who are coining money endorse the ALADDIN just as strongly

No Money Required

We furnish capital to reliable men to get started. Ask for our distributor's plan, and learn how to make big money in unoccupied territory. **Sample Lamp sent for 10 days FREE Trial.**

We want *one user in each locality* to whom we can refer customers. Be the first and get our special introductory offer, under which you get your own lamp *free* for showing it to a few neighbors and sending in their orders. Write quick for our *10-Day Absolutely Free Trial.* Just say, "Show me how I can get a strong white light from coal oil, *without risking a cent.*" Address nearest office.

MANTLE LAMP CO., 484 Aladdin Building

Largest Coal Oil Mantle Lamp House in the World

Montreal Winnipeg

tioned room, with a fireplace in it and a bay window at one end—charmingly and rather intimately furnished, but with an air, somehow, of disuse. I got that general impression from a prolonged series of lightning-flickers.

Meanwhile Jeffrey's bull's-eye was picking out details. What it seemed to rest on longest was a heavy layer of dust on the bare mahogany center-table and on the mantel over the fireplace. There were two doors besides the one we had come in by, but the one he finally advanced to was in the opposite wall. He opened it without hesitation this time, and we found ourselves looking into a long, deep clothes-closet.

The two side-walls showed nothing but bare hooks, and the short wall at the end had a few nondescript articles hanging on it. I'd have turned away without a second glance. But Jeffrey went straight in, and I saw him apparently scrutinizing the garment hanging at the far end at close range with his electric torch.

To be continued.

Potlatch on Pacific

Continued from page 349.

ways to be a "Potlatch", or Gift Feast on this coast. On all the tall dark firs Oulican fish burned as torches. Outside the Potlatch house a mighty fire of ancient dried blubber and whale bones and whale refuse made the night air hideous. To add to the bouquet, some salmon that had become unpleasant before being smoked were thrown on the flames by the youngsters, evidently determined not to be outdone in the matter of smells by the old folks.

"There goes the enemy," Fritz whispered, as the Shaman plunged into the smoky doorway. He had on a ceremonial shirt of buckskin, interwoven with bits of some shell that glittered in the glancing of the flames, his wand or baton had a great tuft of human hair above the squatted figure of a frog—a really well carven frog too—and his head dress was a mass of cedar rope tassels and rings that whirled and swung about his hideously painted face. Necklace, girdle, sash, all were of cedar bark. He also carried a rattle covered with beaks of sea parrots which, when shaken, sounded like the shingle falling back behind the wave.

We bounded through the evil smelling smoke into the great dark building. In the centre we saw the huge smouldering fire of beach-gathered wood, the salts from its sea baths throwing out strange violet colored flames. The Shaman (medicine man) ran swiftly up to and around the fire, motioning as if to throw into it some object from a great carved wooden grease spoon, (Fritz swears to this day the old man had gathered a small atom of spittle and thus consigned me to the flames. and O'poots, our Nootkan guide would not answer my querie, nor would he ever deny it).

Of course there was the line-dancing and posturing and a bit of gift-giving. But everyone seemed to be waiting and watching for something. Often we would see the big dark flashing eyes of the throng peering upwards through the smoke. Suddenly silence fell on the ten score people gathered in that faintly illuminated building. Every right hand was pointed aloft, every eye searched the roof where the smokeholes showed the brightly glittering stars. Slowly I saw a copper colored figure—naked as at birth, coming down hand over hand from ridge to rafter, to earth. Then up went the long arms, coppery in the glare of the new leaping fire. Like a miniature snowstorm, eider down floated out from his opening fingers; like a figure in a dream he circled the swiftly blazing fire; fast and faster he flew, close and closer to the fire he leaned until he gave the freshly thrown bunches of cedar bark a mighty kick with his naked foot and out flew great coiling serpents of ruddy flame. At this heroic act all the men cried "Howah" at least it sounded like that and all the women yelled in swift answer "ATH !"—"OH !"

By this time the novice was almost in the flames. Every atom of eider down that had before gleamed a ruddy white in the glare was now scorched off his blistering hide. Suddenly he darted right through the fire and continued his dance up and down the lines of men that stood at one side of the dark hall; then back over the flames he leaped; up the poles he climbed; for prehaps five minutes he sang the song of his Totem. He had spent four days in the woods, naked, composing this his new song, to be ever after sang, when he and his totem appear before the assembled chiefs and people. Then he disappeared.

Now came the man I knew best who told me kindly but firmly that men not members of the tribe would please go out, so Fritz and I leaped once more through the stifling smoke that eddied about the door. Many rumors were in the daily papers as to what took place late that night, some even saying that the rites were too uncanny for white men's eyes. I do not know. I lived among the Coast Indians for many years, in many tribes, both on the U.S., and B.C., coasts, but I never saw an unlawful thing done. Although many of the things no doubt were a bit odd to our eyes, yet never, in all those years, have I met an Indian who would go into detail as to the actual happenings of the last few hours of the great ceremonial feasts.

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CALIFORNIA - 1915

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Feb. 20th to Dec. 4th, 1915

SAN DIEGO

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TOWER OF JEWELS
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Travel to California via the GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC. The same fares in most cases (and an additional charge of) are exacted as to cover the cost of meals and berths on Pacific Coast steamships apply on this magnificent new scenic route as on the more direct routes from Winnipeg, St. Paul, Chicago and all eastern points. THE NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL is as great in magnitude as the Panama Canal. You see the Canadian Rockies at their best and the wonderful Fraser and Thompson Rivers of British Columbia besides on by a two days' trip through the "Norway of America" on the G. T. P. Coast Steamships—the surest, finest and fastest in that service.

SIDE TRIP TO ALASKA

A short side trip can be made from Prince Rupert to Alaska, which time and expense might not permit from a southern port. No other transportation company can offer the choice of routes or the attractions that the Grand Trunk System has arranged for 1915 to California and the Pacific Coast.

Lowest Fares — Electric Lighted Trains
Fine Service — Modern Equipment
Unexcelled Dining Car Service

For rates, full particulars and advertising matter, apply to any agent of the Company, or J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal; or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

G. T. BELL, Pass. Traffic Manager, Montreal, Que.
W. P. HINTON, Asst. Pass. Traffic Manager, Montreal, Que.

Recruiting in London

Continued from page 333.

the edge of the crowd, the remorseless one had headed him off with reinforcements. He then went off to tackle another, leaving his unconvicted sinner in the hands of one in whose power of persuasion he had more confidence than in his own. That it was well-placed I judged later when I saw the uniformed figure and the other moving off together towards the recruiting station.

As far as one could see there were groups, large and small, gathered on the green grass of the Park, listening to men and women speakers. Of the women, the Women's Social and Political Union has particularly taken up this work of recruiting and "General" Flora Drummond speaks every Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park near the Reformer's Tree, as well as filling engagements in other towns almost every night in the week.

Mrs. Pankhurst herself is a great recruiting power and talks to meetings of men and of women all over the country, urging the men to go to the front and the women to let them go.

Even a little girl has joined the ranks of the feminine workers for recruits. She is Muriel Phillips, of Richmond, and is only eleven years old. So impressed was she by something her teacher had said of the horrors of war, that she begged her mother to let her do something to help the soldiers. Now she wears a broad, red ribbon printed in gold with the words: "Join the Army and Become One of the Heroes of the Day. Avenge the Murder of Little Girls Like Me."

She has operated in the City and around Trafalgar Square and has secured many men for the colors, bringing them straight to the recruiting sergeant, herself.

That there are still broad fields of labor for the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee one cannot but judge by the immense number of civilians still to be seen. Coming down Ludgate Hill on top of a bus at half-past three in the afternoon I thought I had rarely seen so many men. The pavements were thronged with them, civilians of all ages. But, that a tremendous work has already been done one has only to walk the streets and travel the country to see. The khaki coat changes the whole color of the city crowds and drifts of white tents fleck the green fields everywhere.

The excellence of the Creator's work is officially established, as evidenced by the following from a motion-picture screen:

"As God Made It. Approved by the Ohio State Board of Censors."

We Have Settled the Dust Problem

The perfection of "Bissell's Vacuum Sweeper" and "Cleaner" means easy, quick, thorough cleaning of all rugs and carpets. Use a Bissell's Carpet Sweeper for daily sweeping and one of the BISSELL'S VACUUM MACHINES for the weekly renovation.

BISSELL'S

"Vacuum Sweeper" and "Cleaner"

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Carpet Sweeping Devices in the World
Dept. 75, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Made in Canada too

Sold by dealers everywhere

Booklet on request

231

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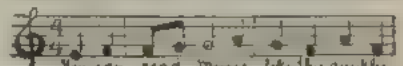
TAUGHT FREE

IN YOUR OWN HOME

By the oldest and most Reliable School of Music in America.—Established 1895



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810 Lakeside Bldg. - Chicago, Illinois.

You Should Know what the future has in store for you. CONSULT the PLANETS — they tell you about Business, Love, Marriage, Health, Travel, etc. Accurate information, no guess work. Send 10c and date of birth for trial reading.
A. P. FRANK, Dept. 19, Kansas City, Mo

Putting up meadow hay in the Nechako Valley

Stock thrives on the rich grasses in the Nechako Valley

Farming Opportunities in British Columbia

Come to the Rich, Sunny, Mild

NECHAKO VALLEY

on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell, give you reliable, disinterested, free information.

LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches.

Government Department of Lands says "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr. Dawson, the well-known Government expert and investigator, says, "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

Here is independence and health calling to you! The Nechako Valley needs settlers. In our own immediate neighborhood are many thousands of acres of good, fertile, well located land which you can buy at a very low price.

This Board of Trade does not deal in land nor anything else. It only wants to bring you and the land together. The land is here waiting for you. It will bring you big harvests every year and keep on swelling your bank balance.

Let this disinterested Board of Trade advise you about the farming and stock raising opportunities in this rich Valley. Tell us how much land you want, what experience you have had in farming, approximately what you are prepared to pay for the land and what resources you have to put it under crop. YOU DO NOT OBLIGATE YOURSELF IN ANY WAY AND THE INFORMATION WILL BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL. We will advise you honestly, frankly, whether there is an opportunity for you here or not, and if so, where and why. We will bring you and the land together.

If you have slaved in a more rigorous winter climate away from neighbors, away from green trees and clear running water come to the Nechako Valley and enjoy life and prosperity.

Write to-day. Investigate AT ANY RATE. You owe that to yourself and your family. There is no obligation on your part and OUR SERVICE IS FREE.

There are several good business openings for progressive men and women in this fast growing town. If you are interested write to-day. Remember this Board of Trade has nothing to sell you.

Walter E. Gunn
Vanderhoof, B. C.

"The Dominating Center of Nechako Valley."

We have nothing to sell.

Fill out, clip and mail this coupon

C. M. OCTOBER

WALTER E. GUNN,
VANDERHOOF BRITISH COLUMBIA

I wish to get a farm of.....acres for

at about $.....per acre. My resources are about $..... This coupon does not obligate me in any way.

Name....

Address.....

The Kid With No Chance

Continued from page 337.

"Well sir, you see sir, he's not a good kid, like, and I doubt he ever will be. Most prob'ly he had a brute of a father y' know and—he takes after him. But there's good stuff in him somewheres—he's a little devil to fight—and, y' know, it seems as if this may be the best that could happen to him—to die for his country."

"I see," said the Colonel gravely, "you may be right. We'll take him."

If the Aid had got onto it even then, they might have dragged Pete back to drown. But the Tommies are good souls and kept his secret. And so he went overseas, being fearfully sick on board, and fearfully spoiled at Shorncliffe and more than fearfully elated when at last they made the Channel and zigzagged across torn France to their rest billets. He could play the drum now with the roll of a veteran and he even did some of the bugle calls Better than all he had a serene peacefulness in his soul that made him creep out to look up at the stars o' nights He remembered what the Commissioner had told him about God and whenever he thought about either of them—they got pretty much mixed in his mind—he was very happy

When his Company went up to the trenches for the first time, the officers tried hard to leave him behind. But he was halfway across the dim field after them before they noticed him The men were glad he'd managed it They had an almost superstitious feeling about the kid.

By and by they got so used to him crawling along from one dug-out to the other with water for tea, with charcoal, tobacco and what not, that they never thought of his being in danger.

And then, the sun went down one night in the usual smoke cloud, and before it was above the world next morning, the Huns had come on

They'd been getting ready for it for a long time, while Petie had been carrying water and making tea. The Kaiser had planned the whole hellishness of it, gas and all, perhaps before Darya died.

Nobody knew just what was happening. The guns tore the earth in sunder and punched solid chunks out of the hills. The gas rolled in a greenish nightmare mist across the torn ground. The enemy came screaming on the dazed and shattered lines. There were aeons of fighting, close-locked, breathless, tigerish duels, sweep and counter sweep of line. And then the whole horror went over them, half a mile back across the fields

At the very beginning of the rush the Sergeant had fallen with enough shrapnel in him to kill a whole squad. He

Fresh from the Gardens

of the finest Tea-producing country in the world.

"SALADA"

TEA B 74

Sealed Packets Only.

Try it—it's delicious. BLACK GREEN or MIXED.

Broiling or toasting is done better and more easily because the broiler door on a

McClary's

Pandora

Range permits using the largest toaster and placing it close to the fire. Interview the McClary dealer. 88

10 Days Free Trial *Charges Prepaid Send No Money*

NEW COAL OIL LIGHT

Beats Electric or Gasoline

We don't ask you to pay us a cent until you have used this wonderful modern light in your own home ten days—we even prepay transportation charges. You may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied after putting it to every possible test for 10 nights. You can't possibly lose a cent. We want to prove to you that it makes an ordinary oil lamp look like a candle, beats electric, gasoline or acetylene. Lights and is put out like old oil lamp Tests at 33 leading Universities and Government Bureau of Standards show it

Burns 70 Hours on One Gallon

common coal oil, and gives more than twice as much light as the best round wick open flame lamps. No odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, no pressure, won't explode. Several million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Guaranteed.

Awarded GOLD MEDAL at World's Exposition San Francisco

$1000 Will Be Given

to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new *Aladdin* (details of offer given in our circular.) Would we dare make such a challenge if there were the slightest doubt as to merit of the *Aladdin*? We want *one user in each locality* to whom we can refer customers. Be the first and get our special introductory offer under which you get your own lamp *free* for showing it to a few neighbors and sending in their orders. Write quick for *10-Day Absolutely Free Trial.* Just say, "Show me how I can get a strong white light from coal oil [illegible] a cent." Address our nearest office.

Men Make $50 to $300.00 Per Month With Rigs or Autos

delivering the ALADDIN on our easy terms. No previous experience necessary

Practically every farmer, home and small town home will buy after trying. One farmer writes "I never sold anything in my life before but sold 51 lamps the first seven days." Another says "I disposed of 8 lamps out of 9 calls." Thousands who are coining money endorse the Aladdin just as strongly

NO MONEY Required

We furnish capital to reliable men to get started. Write for our plan and learn how to make big money in your locality. Sample sent for 10 days FREE TRIAL.

MANTLE LAMP COMPANY, 200 Aladdin Building

Largest Coal Oil Mantle Lamp House in the World

MONTREAL WINNIPEG

Get Your Farm Home

from the

Canadian Pacific

GET your new home in the Canadian West with its magnificent soil, good climate, churches, public schools, good markets, unexcelled transportation and the comforts of civilization. Take twenty years to pay. The land is sold only to settlers who will actually occupy and improve it. We make our prices and terms so attractive because we want farmers and because *our* success depends on yours. Come where you can get ten acres for every acre you now own or farm, where *every* acre will produce as large crops as the highest-priced mixed-farming lands anywhere. Mother Earth provides no better land than this, the virgin Western Canadian soil. Government reports for the past years easily prove this.

We Give You 20 Years to Pay We will sell you rich land in Western Canada for from $11 to $30 per acre—irrigated lands from $35. You need pay only one-twentieth down, and the balance within 20 years, interest at 6 per cent. Long before your final payment comes due, your farm will have paid for itself. Many Canadian farmers in Western Canada have paid for their farms with one crop. Realize what can be done with the high prices that will prevail for grain for the next few years. Stock will advance in price proportionately.

We Lend You $2,000 for Farm Improvements

In the irrigation districts, if you want to put up buildings and extend your farming operations, and have not the ready money, we will lend you $2,000 to carry on the work. We require security that is ample, and give you twenty years to repay it. The plan shows our confidence in the land and in the prosperity for you that is sure to follow its cultivation. This money will provide your buildings, your fences, sink a well, etc.—interest only at 6 per cent.

We Will Advance You up to $1,000 Worth of Livestock

To approved purchasers of land in the irrigation districts, we will advance hogs, sheep and cattle up to the value of $1,000, under certain conditions. We have arranged to sell at cost prices a number of mixed farming outfits specially suited to the needs of settlers. **If you want a ready-made farm—our experts have prepared one for you.** If you want a partly-ready-made farm, we have selected many desirable ones for you by our agricultural experts. These improved farms are a bargain to buyers and buildings, fences, orchards are in crop. They are waiting for those who want an improved start and quick results all ready and prepared for them by our agricultural experts. Write for our special terms on these farms. We give you the benefit of our experience—the valuable assistance of our Land Commissioner's Department. Write for our special descriptive pamphlets describing these farms. Take advantage of this offer to own farms. To assist settlers on irrigable improved farms or land upon which the Company will advance a loan, specially easy terms of payment are offered; particulars on request.

If You Already Have a Farm in Western Canada

Increase your farm holdings by buying a tract from the Canadian Pacific. Why not sell your present farm and buy more land in the West? Write us and tell us what you can do for us. If you own land in the East or in other parts of the Province and want them for your neighbors, **tell them about this offer of the Canadian Pacific.** Get them for your neighbors. Write us and we will give you such help and information we can. **Do it TODAY—always the best day.**

This Great Offer Is Based on Good Land

The Canadian Pacific offers you the finest land on earth for grain growing, cattle, hogs, sheep and horse raising, dairying, poultry, vegetables and general mixed farming. Irrigated lands for intensive farming or extensive wheat raising. For mixed and grain farming. **Remember these lands are located on or near established lines of railway, near established towns.** And you can start on irrigated or other land, as you choose or can afford.

Highest Grain Prices Ever Known

Realize, therefore, the great opportunity present to Canadian farmers owing to the present European conditions. Europe must look to America for her great population, which must have increased grain and food products. Here is the place, the West. The present time, your opportunity. Investigate. You owe it to yourself and family. The best land will be taken first, so time is precious. **Write today for books illustrated.**

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Dept. of Natural Resources

20 Ninth Avenue West Calgary, Alberta

For Sale—Town Lots in all growing towns, on lines of Canadian Pacific Railway. Ask for information concerning Industrial and Business openings in these towns.

was out of the trench at the time, calling to his men. But to one small drummer it sounded as if he had just cried, "Petie! Petie!"

Petie came. He would have gone to him across all hell. Frantically the boy tugged at the big body that he couldn't lift, and somehow, someway, in the unbelievable turmoil, he had pulled the man into a shell hole.

But not before he had felt a sharp pain somewhere over his heart, and had seen a great welling stain coming out on the khaki tunic he had been so proud of.

It was just they two alone in the world. The Sergeant opened his eyes.

"Petie—can you—say a prayer?" he whispered.

The boy must have got his meaning telepathically. You couldn't have heard a word to save your soul.

"Our Father which are in heaven," Petie began, remembering what the chaplain said at every drum head service. But it didn't seem as if it were his own voice. It sounded like the Commissioner's. "Hallowed — be — Thy name—Thy Kingdom come—Thy will —"

The words came slower and slower but the Sergeant didn't know it. He had gone where it didn't matter.

"What?" said the boy suddenly, sitting up, "what'd y' say?"

The mist had rolled over, the green death-mist, but in the middle of it there were three figures—no, four.

There was the Woman, and the little girl-kid with the black hair, there was the Commissioner who was too much of a fellow to cry like they did. And then there was Another Man, Who had been wounded in some previous engagement likely, for His hands had holes right through them. And though he had never seen the Other Man before Petie knew at once that He cared most of all.

"What'd y' say? Me make good, me? Why, I ain't done nothin'."

All of a sudden there was music—above the guns, above the far off clamor of the fighting. It sounded like millions and millions of people singing. And somehow it was all because of Petie!

The boy turned to his friend the Sergeant.

"He says we're to come," he laughed happily, "He wants us. We're all going Home."

John Turned Jack

Continued from page 342

his own ends, but I knew of no way of staving him off. Before I could formulate any objection they were walking away, Winthrop haughtily keeping a yard's distance from the Frenchman. I followed.

Purity
Quality
Flavor

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"I appreciate extremely the chance to make this clear to a gentleman," the rascal began smoothly. "This matter has been too much mixed up by people who have nothing to do with it. As a matter of fact, Mr. Winthrop, I am here as the representative of the French Republic. I am trying to do my painful duty with as little agony as possible to the excellent young woman and her father. But you understand, I am bound to do my duty."

Winthrop warmed to the villain instantly. I heard him remark on the age-long intercourse of the two nations in Quebec. I groaned. For half an hour I listened to this accomplished robber speaking of the necessity that France had foreseen of protecting her naval bases against Germany, of the care the Republic took that she should at no time break through any conventions or treaties. He didn't refrain from hinting that the United States secretly favored the exclusion of the Tunbridges and the occupation of Godfrey by Jourjon for the French.

"You possibly witnessed what reception Tunbridge got from the government authorities in Honolulu," he remarked at a venture. I sought Flora.

She had not gone to bed, but sat in the shadow, just outside the lattice of her door, and listened to my tale. When it was ended she astonished me by a sob. I caught my breath and begged her to tell what the matter was. She thrust out her slim, white hand in a pitiful gesture of sorrow. "John Ii was such a dear boy!" she whispered. "He was devoted to me. I taught him to say his prayers every night with his forehead on the top of the *lanai*. Every night when the clock's bell struck nine, he would slip out of the darkness and say, 'Missie Florie, I ready to pray for you.' . . And I left him, poor slim little lad, to be butchered by that——"

She stopped. I sat still, listening. I heard her subdued sobbing.

The unspeakable rascality of that Frenchman! For mere loot he had come to this peaceful and prosperous islet and driven out its master and mistress; he had laid unclean hands on her most familiar possessions; he had killed her devoted servant; now he was seducing the one man by whose help she might again come into her own. If Winthrop opposed us, we should have a hard task to regain the island, as Jourjon's reinforcements were almost due.

Suddenly we heard a short, sharp exclamation, instantly followed by a loud curse from Jourjon. "I told the wretches to bury the body," he was snarling. His voice rose shrilly, "Boys, boys! Come here!"

Then we heard Winthrop say in a deep baritone, "Is this the boy you killed?"

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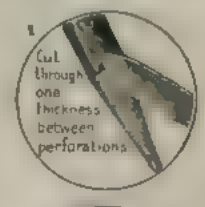

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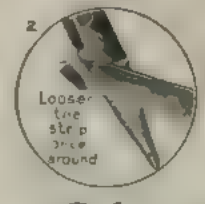

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"Thrice accursed devils!" stormed Jourjon. "Am I not master here? I shall kill others if they don't come and bury this carcass."

Jourjon's rage seemed to pass over Winthrop, for we caught his next words, announced in a clear, heavy voice: "Why did you kill a mere boy?"

Something in the tone carried warning to the Frenchman, for he quickly said, forcing his calm, "He disobeyed me in an important matter. He had been disobedient before. The example was needed. I was compelled to kill him." He yelled again for servants.

Flora stepped back into her room, picked up a fragile oil lamp, and came out into the *lanai*. She crossed it rapidly and came to a halt at the edge of it. The steady ray of light penetrated just far enough into the shadow to show, dimly, the figures of two men.

"Mr. Winthrop!" she called.

For one moment I feared that that call wouldn't be answered. But Winthrop, who was bent over, straightened up and turned toward her. "Here I am, Miss Tunbridge."

"I wished to say," she went on quietly, "that you fellows mustn't kill any more of my friends."

You see the point? Winthrop stood over a dead body, in deep darkness, without a witness (so far as he knew) to prove that he hadn't done the murder himself. The girl, giving up hope of him, had boldly thrust him into the company of the grinning looter. Winthrop stared a long time at her. Then he bent his gaze on the airy Jourjon. Later he walked away without a word.

Afterwards he came into my room, looked me over carefully, and walked out again. In five minutes, I followed him and found a notebook in his hand. He was perturbed beyond anything you can imagine.

I couldn't resist the temptation. "Why don't you have a glance at Emerson?" I demanded. "He might have something to say."

It stirred him up tremendously. He cursed me. He called me names. And as he went on, getting into a sort of cold, white heat, I detected the raw man in him rising to the surface. Underneath all his youth and polish and philosophy, human nature seethed as violently as it does in you or in me; and he hadn't learned to control it. In fact, I barely escaped alive. He would have killed me with his hands, if I hadn't fenced him off and disappeared.

The next morning, old Michael stole out of his room into mine with a shiny revolver in his feeble hand. "There's no need of fussing about this any longer," he announced. "I'm going to shoot Jourjon."

"But others of his kind are coming," I urged. "This is really a sort of

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international affair. Think what Winthrop may do."

"I shall kill him, too," said that amazingly vital old chap. Then his voice broke, and he cried out very loudly, "I'll kill them!"

The tones must have carried far, for almost immediately the door opened and Flora appeared, dressed, ready for breakfast. "Whom are you going to kill, papa?" she demanded calmly.

"Jourjon first, then that [illegible] brought down on the *Mariana*."

At this point, Winthrop thrust his way in among us, blue eyes glowing. He didn't seem to have heard what the old man had said, for he turned directly to Flora. "Did he take your room?" he demanded.

She glanced at him merely, and answered, "What difference does that make to you? Go back to your partner."

I suppose John Winthrop had never been in a tight place, a real Jack-place, before; his wits refused to work properly. He flushed—and it wasn't a boyish flush, either—and then he swung on old Michael.

"I've been pretty blind to just what was going on here," he said. "But I begin to see the truth. You're willing to sacrifice your daughter to your avarice. You've got her into a lovely mess, I must say. What for? What for? All for the sake of a little money."

Michael nearly had a fit. "And whose money am I trying to save!" he roared. "You blackguard! Don't you come trying your airs on me. This is my island. It's been my island for a dozen years, and I'm going to keep it for my daughter after me, even if I have to kill both you scoundrels! Don't try any of your smooth schemes on me!"

To emphasize his remarks he stuck his revolver under Winthrop's chin. We both—the girl and I—looked on. For one instant John's eyes wavered, and then he jumped the old man and jerked the weapon away from him. Flora cried out, and I made ready to interfere. But before I could catch his arm, he was gone.

I ran after him, and therefore I can tell you just what happened in the next five minutes on Godfrey Island, while John turned Jack. Just outside the door Jourjon was waiting, a short carbine in the crook of his arm. As Winthrop emerged he hailed him curtly. "You'd better come over on my side," he told him. "I've fooled long enough with these people. This island is worth a cold million for us both, my dear fellow. Get rid of the old chap and I guess the girl will stay with——"

I suppose Winthrop's sudden dash discomposed him, for he didn't bring the carbine up quickly enough and the shot went wild. Then the philosopher landed on him.

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I thought, of course, Winthrop would use the revolver which he had snatched from Michael, but it wasn't in his mind to do that. Maybe it didn't occur to him. Instead, he got Jourjon by the throat, shook him horribly till a knife clinked out of his hand and then——

Flora saved Jourjon's life—what was left in his body. She stepped out and called into Winthrop's deaf ears till he heard. When he looked up, she said 'You've avenged me. Let him go."

Winthrop's eyes were blurred, his face chalk pale. He got up, shaking; but by a big effort he quieted himself and slipped aside, while I bent to see how much of Jourjon there was left. After a time, old Michael and I managed to get him half-conscious.

His first choked words in French, were to the effect: "I'll go away! Let me go!" Later he stared up at us, lying on his back, and cursed Winthrop by all the gods of the Lower Seas, his purple lips quivering with fear. Michael turned his disgusted eyes away and told me that there was no more danger from Jourjon

"You might shoot him full of holes, cut him into ribbons, or tie him into a knot from poison, and he'd stick to his nerve and his work; but he's met up with a man who uses his hands and his fists, and nobody in the whole world ever again will have to be afraid of this man any more."

An hour later, Winthrop came up to the house and confronted Flora. His face was calm once more, but his expression was new. "Is there anything more I can do for you?" he demanded.

Flora dropped her eyes and picked an hibiscus blossom to pieces. "Did you do that for me?" she inquired presently.

Winthrop smiled, a faint, constrained smile, without mirth in it. "I suppose I did," he answered slowly. "I am ashamed. I lost my temper, of course. But I couldn't bear to see you insulted and so——"

"So you tried to kill him," she whispered. She looked at him with wet eyes, glanced suddenly over her shoulder as if to surprise some eavesdropper, and fled into her room, leaving Winthrop to stand in a brown study under the palms.

"You seem to have a taste for adventure, after all," I said.

"I—I might have killed him," he muttered, shaking with horror.

I have seen men before in his plight. I tested him further.

"You did kill him," I remarked.

Most of us, it is likely, have at one time or another come near to killing a man. If we haven't finished the act, let us thank God, for life is different after murder, whether justified or not. John Selden Winthrop, aware that he had tried to kill, shook with nervous-

ness, was less than a man. But when I told him that he had indeed put Jourjon clean out of his life, when he knew that in a few minutes, with his hands and his fists, he had sent a man whose name he knew to his last accounting, he faced me.

This time his limbs didn't tremble, and his face was composed. In his eyes lay an expression of understanding, of comprehension of a difficulty in our existence, a look that seemed to say, "I have solved one problem."

I don't want you to make a mistake and misunderstand the fellow when I tell you what he said. His words were uttered in all seriousness, without a trace of lightness or disrespect for the laws of God. But, after all, his remark is not without its moral bearing: "This is the real thing!" That was his sole saying, the only comment he made upon the denouement of his search for adventure.

. . . . . .

A few days later the *Mariana* was hauling out into the pass with myself and old Michael on her deck. Michael was waving his hand to Flora, who walked along the little shore of the lagoon abreast of us. "Tell Winthrop to hurry up!" he cried to her.

The ex-philosopher scrambled out of the bushes and leaped into a small boat. A few strokes of an oar and he was alongside the schooner.

"I'm not going," he said curtly. "Tell them to send my mail down here by the *Mariana*. Buy me some tobacco, too. I'm not going back."

"Why not?" I demanded, in amazement. "Haven't you had adventure enough?"

"Some more of Jourjon's friends might turn up while Mr. Tunbridge is away and Flora is alone," he said briefly.

"But your friends—what will they say—in Toronto?" I demanded.

Winthrop turned and looked back to the slender beach where Flora stood waiting for him. His face betrayed an inward amazement, a profound astonishment at himself, at his predicament, at the outcome of his voyage of sightseeing and note-taking. They tell us that the dying man sees his whole life in retrospect, with its vista of circumstance, struggle, failure, success. I'll swear that Winthrop, standing in that small boat, holding to the rail of the gently moving schooner, saw behind him all the sharp details of the humdrum and impeccable existence of John; saw his irreproachable family, his decent home, his library, his circle of cultured acquaintances—the whole suddenly ending (like a rifle shot) in a preposterous adventure, suddenly narrowing down into a point which lay in the heart of a willful and lovely woman standing lightly on the coral of an unknown isle.

He turned and gazed at me with a glance of pleading, renunciation, and pride, took his hand from the schooner's rail and turned back to Flora Tunbridge, while old Michael altered the *Mariana's* course to take the pass for the open sea.

He was Jack.

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Truth

Continued from page 361.

McAllen—now Mrs. Jimmie Greenleaf—had sufficed. He would walk to the altar any day with Miss Tennant, but he would not dance

"You have so many secrets with yourself," he complained, "and I'm so very reasonable."

"True, Billy," said Miss Tennant. "But if I put up w th your secrets, you should put up with mine."

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"I have none," said he, "unless you are rudely referring to the fact that I gave my wife such grounds for divorce as every gentleman must be prepared to give to a lady who has tired of him. I might have contracted a pleasant liason; but I didn't. I merely drove up and down Piccadilly with a notorious woman until the courts were sufficiently scandalized. You know that."

"But is it nothing," she said, "to have me feel this way toward you?"

"At least, Dolly," said he, more gently, "announce our engagement, and marry me inside of six months. I've been patient for eighteen.

"My reason," said she, "will be in Aiken to-morrow."

He made no comment, fearing that she might seize upon any as a pretext for putting him off. But he slipped an arm around her waist.

"Tighter if you like," she said. "I don't mind. My reason, Billy, is a young man. Don't let your arm slacken that way. I don't see any one or anything beyond you in any direction in this world. You know that. Not so tight." They laughed happily. "I will even tell you his name," she resumed—"David Larkin; and I was a little gone on him, and he was over ears with me. You weren't in Aiken the year he was. Well, he misbehaved something dreadful, Billy; betted himself into a deep, deep hole, and tried to float himself out. I took him in hand, loaned him money, and took his solemn word that he would not even make love until he had paid me back. There was no real understanding between us.

"Only I think he couldn't have changed suddenly from a little fool into a man if *he* hadn't felt that there was an understanding. And his letters, one every week, confirm that, though he's very careful, because of his promise, not to make love in them. . . You see he's been working his head off—There's no way out of it, Billy—for me. . . If you hadn't crossed my humble path I think I should have possessed enough sentiment for David to have been—the reward."

"But there *was* no understanding."

"No. Not in so many words. But at the last talk we had together he was humble and pathetic and rather manly, and I did a very foolish thing."

"What?"

"Oh," she said with a blush, "I sat still."

"Let me blot it out," said McAllen.

"But I can only remember up to seven," said she, "and I am afraid that nothing can blot them out as far as David is concerned. He will come to-morrow as sure that I have been faithful to him as that he has been faithful to me. . . . It's all very dreadful . . . He will pay me back the money, and the interest; and then I shall give him back the promises that he gave, and then he will make love to me. . . ."

"But why," said he, "when you got to care for me didn't you let this young man learn gradually in your letters to him that—that it was all off."

"I was afraid, don't you see," said she, "that if the incentive was taken away from him—he might go to pieces. And I was fond of him. I am proud to think that he has made good for my sake, and the letters. . . . Oh, Billy, it's a dreadful mess. My letters to him have been rather warm, I am afraid."

"Damn," said McAllen.

"Damn!" said Miss Tennant.

"If he would have gone to pieces before this," said McAllen, "why not now?—after you tell him, I mean.

"He'll be very sad and miserable—you won't be carried away? You won't, upon the impulse of the moment, feel that it is your duty to go on saving him?. . . If that should happen, Dolly, *I* should go to pieces."

"Must I tell him," she said, "that I never really cared? He will think me such a—a liar. And I'm not a liar, Billy, am I? I'm just unlucky."

"I don't believe," said he tenderly, "that you ever told a story in your whole sweet life."

"Oh," she cried, "I *do* love you when you say things like that to me . . .

"Billy," she said presently, "it was *all* the first Mrs. Billy's fault, wasn't it?"

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"No, dear," said he, "it wasn't. It's never all of anybody's fault. Do you care?"

"No."

"Are you afraid?"

"No."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes."

"What is your name?"

"Dolly."

"Whose girl are you?"

"I'm Billy McAllen's girl."

"All of you?"

She grew very serious in a moment. "All of me, Billy—all that is straight in me, all that is crooked. . . ."

It was to be October in a few days, and September was going out like a fiery dragon. The long, broad shadow of the terrace awning helped to darken the Tennants' drawing-room, and venetian blinds, half drawn, made a kind of cool dusk, in which it came natural to speak in a lowered voice, and to move quietly, as if some one were sick in the house. Miss Tennant sat very low, with her hands clasped over her knees; a brocade and Irish lace workbag spilled its contents at her feet. She wore a twig of tea olive in her dress so that the whole room smelled of ripe peaches. She had never looked lovelier or more desirable.

"David!" she exclaimed. Her tone at once expressed delight at seeing him, and was an apology for remaining languidly seated.

"If you hadn't sent in your name," she said, "I should never have known you."

David was very pale. It may have been from his long journey.

"And now," she said, "you must tell me all that you haven't written."

"Not quite yet," said David. "There is first a little matter of business. . . ."

He counted out his debt to her methodically, with the accrued interest.

"But I," she said, "I, too, have things of yours to return."

She waved a hand, white and clean as a cherry blossom, toward a claw-footed table on which stood decanters, ice, soda, cigarettes, cigars, and matches.

"Your collateral," she said.

"Oh," said David. "But I have decided not to be a backslider."

"I know," she said. "But in business—as a matter of form."

He stepped to the table, smiling charmingly, and poured from the nearest decanter into a glass, added ice and soda, and lifting the mixture touched it to his lips, and murmured, "To you."

Then he put a cigarette in his mouth, and after drawing the one breath that served to light it flicked it, with perfect accuracy, half across the room and into the fireplace.

Still smiling, he walked slowly toward Miss Tennant, who was really

excited to know what he would do next.

"Betcher two cents it snows to-morrow," said he.

"Done with you, David," she took him up merrily. And after that a painful silence came over them.

"I gave you one more promise," he said. "Is that, too, returned?

"Then I may make love? he asked, very gently.

"As a matter of form only—to me."

"Only in that way?"

"I thought—I thought," said the young man in confusion.

"I made you think so," she said generously. "Let all of the punishment that can be heaped on me. . . .

"Then," said he, "you never did care—at all."

But even at this juncture Miss Tennant could not speak the truth.

"Never, David—never at all—at least not in *that* way," she said. "If I let you think so it was because I thought it would help you to be strong and to succeed. . . . God knows I think I was wrong to let you think so. . . . ."

But she broke off suddenly a stream of extenuation that was welling in her mind for David did not look like a man about to be cut off in the heyday of his youth by despair.

She had the tenderest heart; and in a moment the truth blossomed therein—a truth that brought her pleasure, bewilderment, and was not unmixed with mortification.

"The man," she said gently, "has found him another girl!"

The man bowed his head and blushed.

"But I have kept my promise, Dolly.'

"Of course you have, you poor, dear, long-suffering soul."

A pair of white gloves, still showing the shape of her hands, lay in the chair where Miss Tennant had tossed them. David brought her one of these gloves.

"Put it on," he said.

When she had done so, he took her gloved hand in his and kissed it.

"As a matter of form," he said.

She laughed easily, though the blush of humiliation had not left her yet cheeks.

"Tell me," she said, "what you would have done, David, if—if I *did* care."

"God punish me," he said gravely, "oh, best friend that ever a man had in the world, if I should not then have made you a good husband."

Not long after McAllen was with her.

"Well?" he said.

"Well," said she, "there was a train that he could catch. And I suppose he caught it."

"How did he—er, behave?"

"Considering the circumstances," said she, "he behaved very well."

"Is he hard hit?"

She considered a while; but the strict truth was not in that young lady.

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"I think," she said, "that you may say that he is hard hit—very hard hit."

"Poor soul," said Billy tenderly.

"Oh, Billy!" she exclaimed, "I feel so false and so old."

But he only smiled and smiled. She seemed like a little child to him, all innocence and candor.

. . . . . .

"You are two days ahead of schedule, David. I'm glad to see you.'

Though Uriah Grey's smile was bland and simple, beneath it lay a complicated maze of speculation, and the old man endeavored to read in the young man's face the answers to questions which so greatly concerned him.

"Well, sir, I paid my debts, and got back my collateral.

"I tasted whisky," said David. "I lighted a cigarette, I registered a bet of two cents upon the weather, and I made love.

"Yes," aid David. "I kissed the glove upon a lady's hand." He laughed. "It smelled of gasoline," he said.

Mr. Grey grunted.

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"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

"And what are your plans?"

"What!" cried David offendedly. "Are you through with me?"

"No, my boy—no."

David hesitated.

"Mr. Grey," he began, and paused.

"It is now lawful for me to make love," said David.

"You have a granddaughter. . . ."

"What!" thundered the old man. "You want to make love to my granddaughter!"

"Yes," said David boldly, "and I wonder what you are going to say."

"I have only one word to say—Hurry!"

. . . . . .

"David!"

At this juncture in their lives there could not have been detected in either of them the least show of hesitation or embarrassment. It was as if two travelers in the desert, dying of thirst, should meet, and each conceive in hallucination that the other was a spring of sweet water.

Presently David was looking into the lovely face that he held between his hands. He had by this time squeezed her shoulders, patted her back, kissed her cheek, her dress, her hands, her eyes, and pawed her hair. They were both very short of breath.

"Violet," he gasped, "what is your name?"

"Violet."

"Whose girl are you?"

"I'm David Larkin's girl."

"All of you?"

"All—all—all——"

It was the beginning of another of those long, tedious afternoons. But to the young people concerned it seemed that never until then had such words as they spoke to each other been spoken, or such feelings of almost insupportable tenderness and adoration been experienced.

Yet back there in Aiken, Sapphira was experiencing the same feelings, and thinking the same thoughts about them; and so was Billy McAllen. And when you think that he had already been divorced once, and that Sapphira, as she herself (for once truthfully) confessed, was still twenty-five, it gives you as high an opinion of the little bare god—as he deserves.

The Clock Watcher

Continued from page 347.

He couldn't understand the feeling, he told me. I couldn't understand it either, I confessed.

"Then one day Jenkins discovered in looking back through the books that Handy had been losing money right and left—not getting all the profits to which he was entitled, that is to say.

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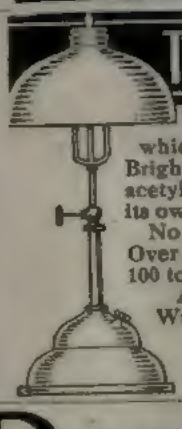

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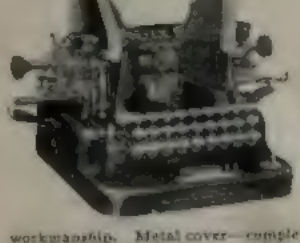

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Handy, you see, had left his chief clerkhood entirely behind. He had hated the bondage himself and a lucky idea, a patent and a few years' savings had freed him. So he had developed into a first-class salesman and booster and had let the books go to pot. For one thing he wasn't so particular as he should have been about collections. Handy was selling to automobile manufacturers and, the motor industry being in its infancy then, payments were none too prompt at best.

"The morning after Jenkins had gone through the books—and he hadn't been told that was part of his job—Handy got down town at 7.30. The office was already occupied. Jenkins, with sleeves rolled up and whistling under his breath, was busy at his desk.

"Well !" exclaimed Handy.

"Four, eleven, fourteen, twenty-one, twenty-six, thirty-two and three to carry," murmured the clock watcher. "Three to carry instead of two. That's where $10 flew out the window, Mr. Handy, Good morning.'

"Handy and Jenkins had a long talk. The next couple of months Jenkins started work earlier and quit later than he ever had before. He was full of suggestions which Handy proceeded to capitalize. Still there was no clock on the wall. Jenkins had to refer to his watch for the time, which had begun to interest him from another viewpoint.

"A couple of years later Handy made Jenkins his partner. He was also compelled to move his concern across the lines to be in the centre of the auto manufacturing industry. It was cheaper to do that than pay him what he was worth, he said. At that time a half hundred clerks were at work on Jenkins' old job and the offices covered the whole eighth floor of the building. The new firm also had its own factory.

"Handy had a bad heart. Presently he died and Jenkins became the whole works."

"Did Jenkins' inspiration die with Handy ? How's the firm doing now ?"

"Jenkins is out of it," sighed the big man.

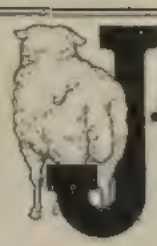
"Ah," I said, wisely. I never had been a clock watcher myself and some of my personal business axioms would have gone tumbling if Jenkins the clock watcher had won out.

The brakeman stuck his head in the door. The train was running much slower.

"Shee-cawg-uh !" bawled the brakeman.

"I've enjoyed your listening," said the big man, extending his hand. "I'm in business up in Racine myself. The next time you come up to see Hawley drop in on me."

"Gladly," said I. "But you haven't——"



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The clock watcher's prosperous friend snapped the cover of his watch.

"On time to the minute !" he announced, as if it were the most important bit of news in the world that the K. C. & C. for once had lived up to its printed promises. "Excuse me—I thought we'd swapped names."

He handed me a slip of pasteboard. It was the card of Homer K. Jenkins of the Jenkins Motor company, the man motor builders called the human dynamo.

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Eight Days' Rain

Continued from page 382.

the Sister told him brusquely. "Isn't it lucky you were here?"

It was when he was finally going that Doc. Raydon stooped and picked up the new blinking baby for a little last adjusting. Some inner spasm twisted the crumpled pink face for a moment into the semblance of a smile, a droll pucker that stirred suddenly a memory in the malignant mind of the resentful Doctor. He looked at the exhausted face of the girl on the pillows and as he looked, she untangled slow shy lashes up at him. From the lashes he looked again at the droll pucker of the baby's face. The memory was wide-awake. "A rotten fibre," he had predicted so. And a mocking smile wried down his mouth as he hummed softly to the squirming baby—

"Oh, Girl of the Red Mouth,
Love Me!"

Hylbrecht's pale face, framed in her soft, dark hair, flamed in sudden fever as the poisoned, reminiscent music flowed again around her bed, and her eyes went wide and startled.

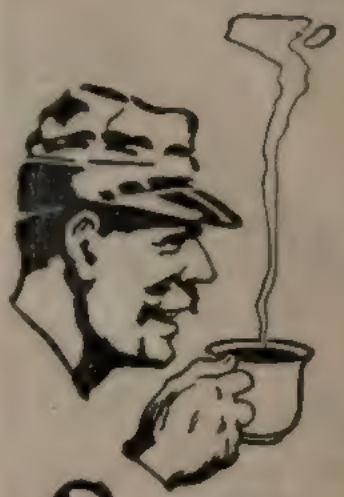
But Mark Leroy held out his big arms to the doctor.

"Give me my son!" he said, straight-eyed into the Doctor's crooked smile.

And Doc. Raydon laid the new little chap in the big arms, met the straight eyes with a sudden, startled respect, saluted and walked out, unseeing, into the night, the cynicism in his face, for this once in his life, all dead.

Hilda, near the door, saw the rout of the cynical Doctor, saw the face of Mark Leroy bent over the little chap that was to have a fair chance, watched him turn to Hylbrecht white on her white pillows, and fled, sobbing, but with a light on her face. "Oh, he is beautiful, beautiful," she cried, "he is like God."

And little, worn Hylbrecht, the fever and fright of her and the maddening, memoried music all gone away with the Doctor's going, turned to Mark as he knelt beside her and laid the baby on her arm. There is only one word in the Taal for everything that is fine and good and beautiful, only one little word "mooi" for what a heart can say. Hylbrecht watched Mark's slightly crossed, not-very-blue eyes tender over the "little chap," felt again the sureness and shelter of him as he turned to tuck her in. Then suddenly little Hylbrecht, a new soul misting her dark eyes, reached up her other weak arm, drew Mark's thin, scarred, fever-drained, crooked, good face down to the whiteness of hers. "Oh, joy is mooi for my!" she sighed and slipped away into sleep.



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